



# JOHN JAMESON

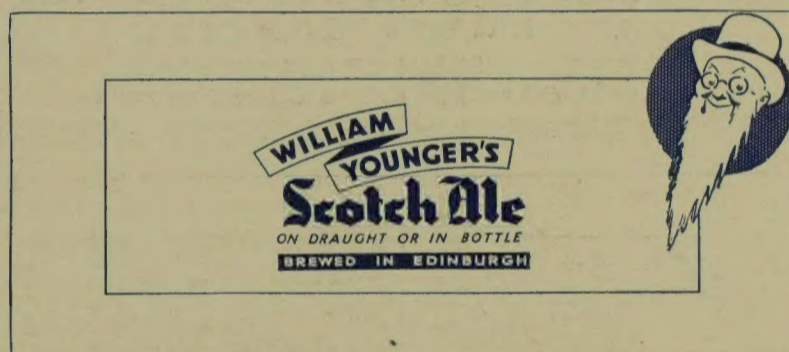
## WHISKEY

GOOD AND OLD

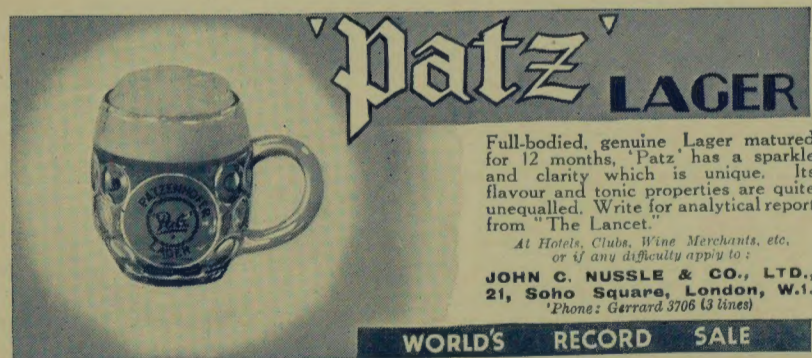
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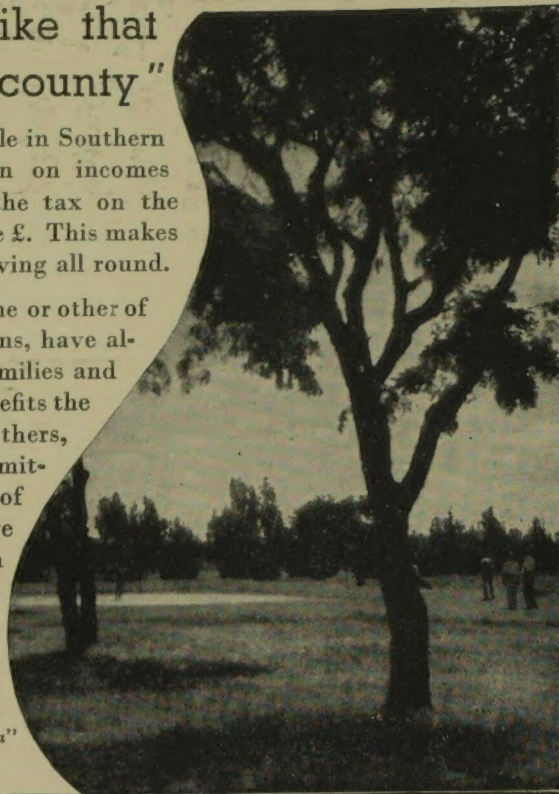
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## "Social life is like that of an English county"

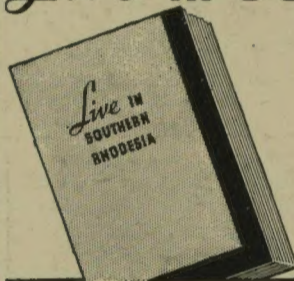
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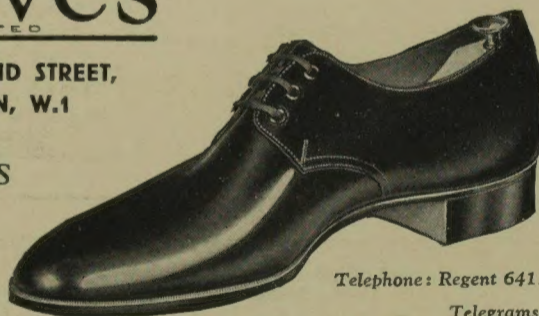
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1936.



THE SHELL-HOLE IN THE WALL OF THE BRITISH CONSULATE AT ALGECIRAS: A RESULT OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE TOWN BY LOYAL SPANISH WARSHIPS HEADED BY THE "JAIME I." FIRING HER 12-IN. GUNS.

Algeciras, which was still occupied by large Moroccan forces brought over from Africa by General Franco, was twice heavily bombarded by Spanish warships on August 7. The casualties were estimated at over a hundred killed and wounded, almost all civilians. Immense damage was done to private property, but the infantry and artillery barracks, as well as the military headquarters, remained intact. The British Consulate was hit by a shell from the battleship "Jaime I.," and the Vice-Consul's wife was slightly injured in the arm. The insurgent gunboat "Dato" was blown up and completely destroyed alongside the wharf. After first shelling the rebels in

Ceuta with the aid of the cruiser "Libertad" and the destroyers "Churruca" and "Lepanto," the "Jaime I." took up a position in the mouth of Algeciras harbour, and turned her 12-inch guns on the town at point-blank range. There was only a feeble reply from the shore. Then, assisted by the "Libertad," she shelled the whole coast up to Punta Carnero. In the afternoon she came back, close inshore again, to Algeciras, and repeated the ruthless bombardment. Many parts of the town were reduced to ruins. Fires broke out and the commercial wharves were burned down. Every place of vantage at Gibraltar was crowded with spectators.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A FEW years ago, when bad manners were all the rage, there was a game much played in country house-parties called "Characters." It consisted of everyone awarding marks to every other member of the party for certain cardinal virtues such as honesty, truthfulness, moral courage, intelligence, and kindness to animals. Ten was full marks for each virtue and, when everyone had made their awards, the papers were collected and the totals added up. On the whole, perhaps, because common courtesy was so *déclassé*, no one seemed to mind very much the shockingly low totals which were frequently scored against them. But there was one exception. Low marks for a sense of humour almost always caused a fit of the sulks. To accuse a twentieth-century Briton of a lack of humour was regarded as a deadly insult. That he was a bad husband, a moral coward and habitually unkind to the cat did not matter so long as he always saw a joke. But there was just one joke he could not tolerate—the imputation that he could not see one.

This extreme sensitiveness on a comparatively unimportant point has sometimes made me wonder whether our British sense of humour is deteriorating. People seldom set much store by assets which are theirs without question, and they are usually a great deal more anxious to lay claim to those which they do not possess. When we hear a man boasting about his pedigree, we are apt to assume that his grandfather was a good, honest sort of fellow who worked in his shirt sleeves. A man who repeatedly proclaims his loathing of cowards and shirkers lays himself open to the suspicion that his war service was principally performed at the Base.

I was reminded of this when I read the accounts of the opening of the Olympiad at Berlin. The British correspondents were plainly much impressed by the smoothness of the organisation and the brilliance of the spectacle, but several of them took care not to appear too much impressed. It is apparently one thing to wax lyrical over similar displays of crowd pageantry in this country; it is quite another to do so in Berlin. For it is an article of faith here that Germans, and especially Nazi Germans, have no sense of humour. And it is equally an article of faith that Britons have a great deal. Therefore, not to treat the solemnity of a Nazi display with a certain amount of superior levity would be almost an admission that we had lost our own sense of humour. Even the B.B.C. commentator, so fair in every other respect, could not refrain from filling in time during an unexpectedly long address of welcome to Herr Hitler with semi-humorous comments on the seriousness with which the Germans were taking the opening ceremony, and actually went on talking during the Führer's brief speech.

In somewhat the same spirit we were told by the Press that the German crowd cheered the French

athletes when it was thought that they had given the Führer the Nazi salute—precisely the kind of gesture which one would have supposed any lover of peace would have welcomed—and viewed in silence the British representatives who refrained from doing so and confined themselves to their own national "Eyes Right." Probably there were excellent reasons, including those of precedent, for our athletes adopting this course. Yet I cannot see why they should not have gone a little out of their way to make that friendly gesture to their hosts. It would no more have implied acceptance of an ideal foreign to this

of England. Its distinguishing marks are justice and a sensitive appreciation for the feelings of others. It is neither just nor humane to express amusement at the emotions of a foreign people. After all it is no discredit to a nation that it should take its national solemnities seriously. I believe there were a few superior persons in our midst who spoke of the Jubilee celebrations as "Jubilee Ballyhoo." But that was most emphatically not the view of the majority of British men and women, who would have resented it intensely if any foreigner had told his countrymen that our enthusiasm and deep-felt emotion on that great occasion were slightly ridiculous. I think we should have regarded it as an unfriendly action. We should certainly have set it down as a very stupid and un-understanding one.

For there are moments when a nation, like an individual, does well to be serious. We do not burst into peals of laughter at our own behaviour as we go through the solemn forms of matrimony at the altar rails. Neither do we titter at the ceremony of Trooping the Colour, nor snigger when the band plays the National Anthem after the theatre or when the King's health is proposed at dinner. At such moments rather are we made aware of some spiritual unity and purpose in our being, of kinship with something greater than ourselves, which is the surest test of a nation's greatness. A country whose citizens cannot feel the intensity and meaning of such moments is a land divided and given over to the Medes and Persians. "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin"!

It is quite true that in this country we do not express our sense of the sanctity of our national heritage in the same way as our Teuton neighbours. We are more restrained about it, less emphatic, less demonstrative. But that is no reason why we should regard their national ritual in a spirit of perpetual levity. After all, modern Germany has a good deal to feel solemn about. Every

living German but the very youngest can remember the day when his country was overwhelmingly beaten, subjected, rightly or wrongly, to the most crushing and humiliating terms any civilised nation has ever had to bear, and divided by bitter and murderous class hatreds. To-day she is united and strong, and able to take her old place in the counsels of mankind. It is scarcely to be wondered at that her people are proud and solemn at the thought of her resurrection, and that they regard the humble corporal and housepainter who has achieved this miracle with feelings that amount to adoration. It may be that they are a trifle pompous and self-conscious in the manner of showing these feelings, and it is true that there are features in the German revival that are disturbing. But their proper pride in their re-found nationhood is not a fit subject for humour. To laugh at Germans because they wear uniforms, raise their arms and shout "Heil Hitler!" is no better than laughing at Frenchmen because they wear beards. It is worse, for it is like laughing at Frenchmen because they sing the "Marseillaise."



THE KING'S HOLIDAY: HIS MAJESTY ARRIVING AT CALAIS STATION TO TAKE THE TRAIN TO YUGOSLAVIA, WHERE HE BOARDED THE "NAHLIN" AT SHIBENIK.

The King left Windsor on August 8 for the Dalmatian coast, where he joined the "Nahlin" for his holiday cruise on August 10. His Majesty crossed the Channel by air and took the Orient Express for Salzburg at Calais. Travelling incognito as Duke of Lancaster, he continued his journey by train via Lyublyana.

country—such as Nazi-ism is—than the action of a British Protestant in uncovering in the presence of the Host in a Catholic country or taking off his shoes before entering a mosque. To do in Rome as Rome does is a matter of courtesy: it helps to oil the wheels of international goodwill. I am no Communist, but recently, motoring through Spain, I was called upon in almost every village through which I passed to make the Communist salute. I did so without hesitation. I dare say I should have been stoned if I hadn't. As it was, I and my bellicose hosts were always able to part with a smile and even a good laugh on both sides. And why not?

Put in another way, a sense of humour is not so much a trick of always laughing at other people's idiosyncrasies as a sense of balance. The former is the kind of laughter which the wise man likened to the crackling of thorns under a pot. The latter is that sensible good humour which we have always prided ourselves upon as being one of the peculiar attributes

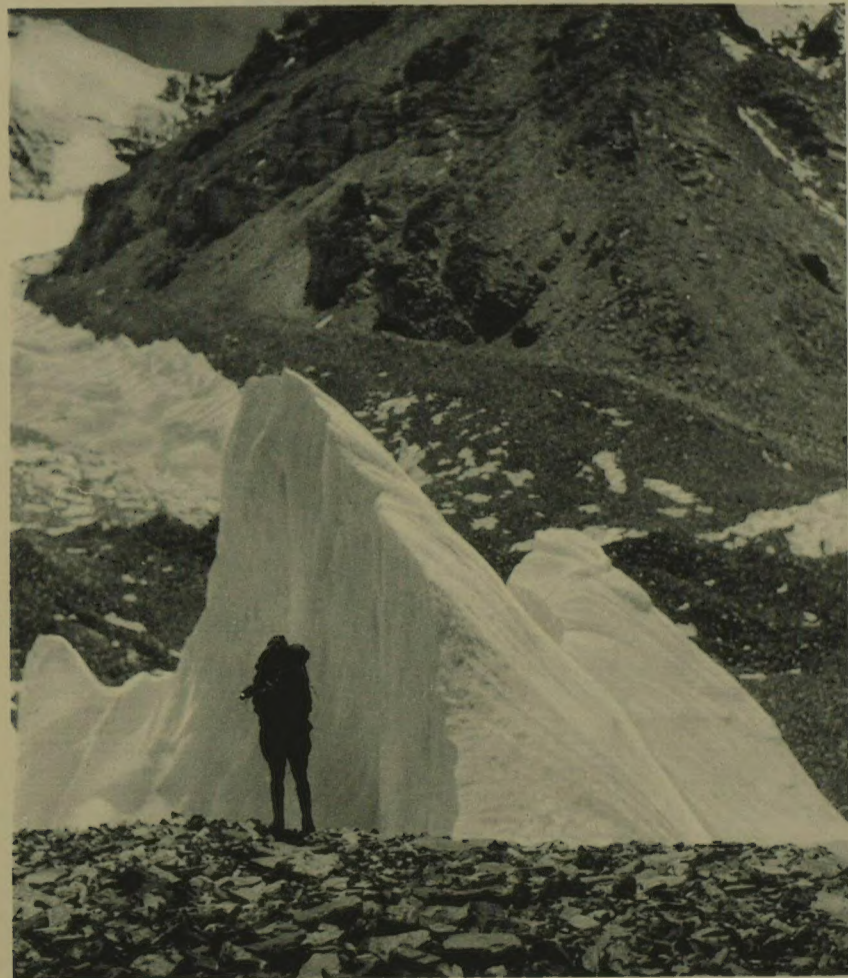
THE MOUNT EVEREST CLIMBERS BEATEN

BY THE WEATHER: PRECIPITOUS SNOW SLOPES AND DESOLATE WASTES BARRING THEIR WAY.



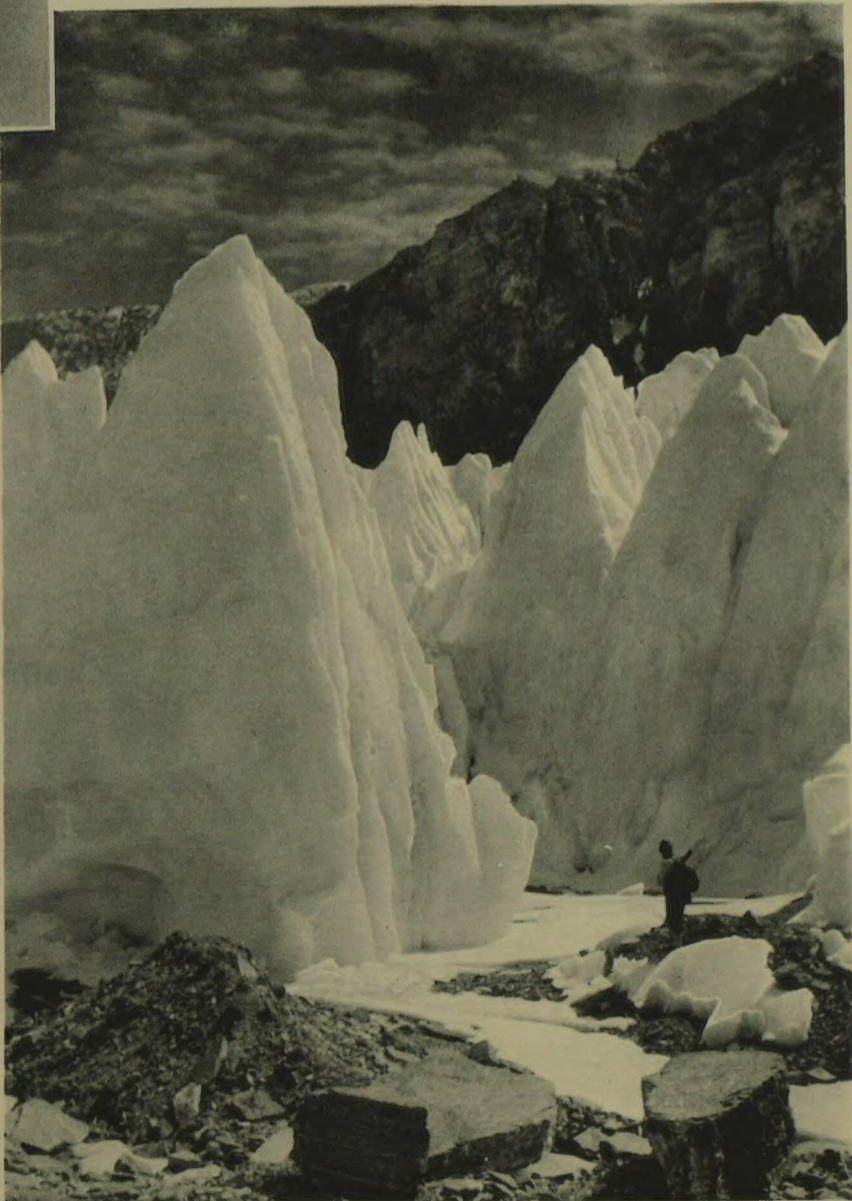
EVEREST SHOWS UP WITH TANTALISING CLARITY: THE VIEW FROM THE EXPEDITION'S CAMP AT 20,000 FT. ON JUNE 12—THE NORTH PEAK IN THE CENTRE; EVEREST ON THE RIGHT.

WITH THE 1936 BRITISH MOUNT EVEREST EXPEDITION: CLIMBERS AND PORTERS ON THE LAST PIECE OF RIDGE OF NORTH PEAK (23,000 FT.) SHORTLY BEFORE THEY WERE FORCED BACK BY FRESH SNOW.



AN ICE-PILLAR ON THE DESOLATE EAST RONGBUK GLACIER.

We here continue the series of photographs of the British Mount Everest Expedition which has figured in our pages from time to time; on the last occasion on August 1. The leader of the expedition, Mr. Hugh Ruttledge, has returned to England. "We saw Mount Everest at its worst," he told a "Daily Telegraph" representative yesterday. "We reached a height of 20,000 ft., but never had a chance because the monsoon broke earlier than ever before." He added: "I



MONSTROUS ICE-PILLARS DWARFING THE CLIMBER; AND JAGGED BOULDERS.

shall never climb Everest. At fifty-one I am too old." Mr. Ruttledge stated that there would be no difficulty in obtaining permission for another expedition. The old objection by the Tibetan Government on religious grounds has vanished. Strange ideas still persist, however. For instance, it is believed that moving a stone means the release of an evil spirit, and the expedition had some difficulty when they wanted to move boulders from their path at the beginning of the ascent.

## RECORD-BREAKERS OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES: ATHLETIC PROWESS AT BERLIN.



A NEW OLYMPIC RECORD OF 9 MIN. 3'8 SEC. IN THE 3000 METRES STEEPLECHASE: V. ISO-HOLLO (FINLAND), THE WINNER, LEADING; FOLLOWED BY K. TUOMINEN (FINLAND) AND A. DOMPERT (GERMANY).



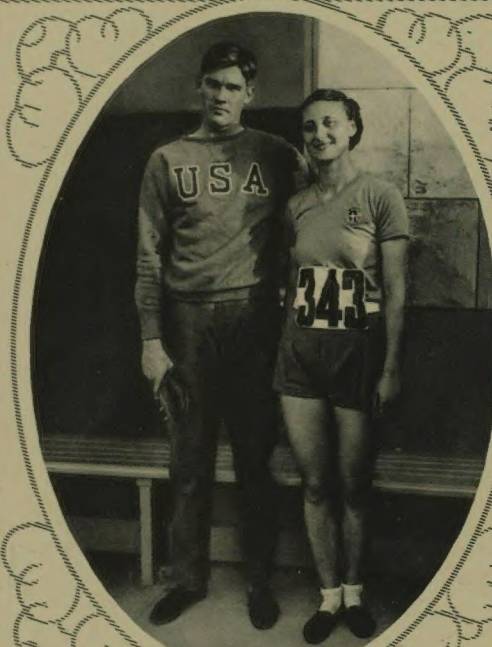
N. TAJIMA (JAPAN) SETTING A NEW WORLD RECORD OF 16 METRES (52 FT. 5 1/2 IN.) IN THE FINAL OF THE HOP, STEP AND JUMP, AN EVENT IN WHICH JAPAN ALSO TOOK THE SECOND PLACE WITH M. HARADA.



THE WOMEN'S 100 METRES: MISS HELEN STEPHENS (RIGHT), WHO SET UP A NEW WORLD RECORD IN 11'4 SEC.; AND MLE. WALASIEWICZ (STELLA WALSH) (POLAND), WHO WAS SECOND.



GREAT BRITAIN'S FIRST CHAMPIONSHIP AT BERLIN: H. H. WHITLOCK WINNING THE 50-KM. WALK IN 4 HR. 30 MIN. 41 SEC.; WITH THE OLYMPIC FIRE BURNING IN THE BACKGROUND.



WORLD RECORDS IN THE HURDLING EVENTS—14'1 SEC. AND 11'6 SEC.: F. TOWNS (U.S.A.), WINNER OF THE 110 METRES; AND SIGNORINA VALLA (ITALY), WINNER OF THE 80 METRES.



J. E. LOVELOCK'S MAGNIFICENT 1500 METRES (3 MIN. 47'8 SEC.): THE NEW ZEALAND RUNNER (CENTRE) ON THE WINNERS' PLATFORM; WITH G. CUNNINGHAM (U.S.A.) (RIGHT), WHO WAS SECOND, AND L. BECCALI (ITALY), THIRD.



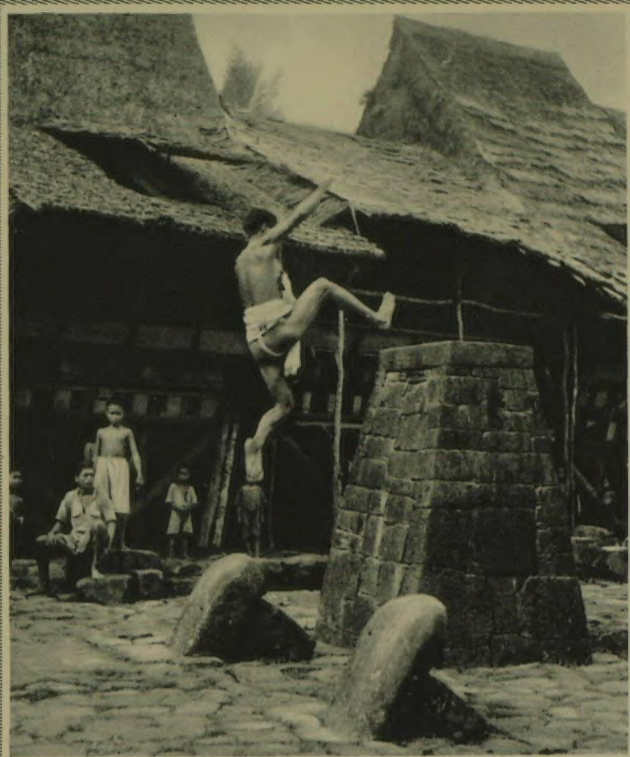
JESSE OWENS, THE WONDERFUL AMERICAN NEGRO ATHLETE, WITH HIS OAK TREES AND OTHER OLYMPIC TROPHIES: THE WINNER OF THREE CHAMPIONSHIPS—THE 100 METRES (10'2 SEC.), THE 200 METRES, AND THE LONG JUMP.

The athletic events of the Olympic Games at Berlin ended on August 9. By then most of the Olympic records had been beaten and a number of new world records had been set up. There was no doubt that Jesse Owens, the American negro, had put up the most wonderful of many memorable performances. He won three championships—the 100 metres (in 10'2 seconds), the 200 metres (in 20'7 seconds), and the long jump (with 8'06 metres, or 26 ft. 6 1/2 in.). Others of America's negro team, notably Metcalfe and Woodruff, also covered themselves with glory. Great Britain's first championship was won by H. H. Whitlock in

the 50-kilometre walk; and on the last day of the athletics, this country won a track event, the 1600 metres relay. The team was F. F. Wolff, G. L. Rampling, W. Roberts, and A. G. K. Brown. They won by 2 seconds from the U.S.A. J. E. Lovelock, the great New Zealand miler, had already achieved a magnificent victory in the 1500 metres, setting a new world record of 3 min. 47'8 seconds. He finished five yards ahead of the American, G. Cunningham. No broke the previous world's record. The U.S.A. and Germany were successful nations in the athletics. The Olympic Games end to-morrow

# NIAS PILLAR-JUMPING: MEN WHO MIGHT RIVAL OLYMPIC HIGH-JUMPERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLY BLANKE.



AN EAST INDIAN HIGH-JUMPER WHOSE FEATS RIVAL THOSE OF THE OLYMPIC ATHLETES: SANAWO HILI, A "CHAMPION" OF NIAS ISLAND, ABOUT TO CLEAR A SIX-FOOT JUMPING-PILLAR, USING ONE OF THE STONES (ON THE LEFT) FOR HIS TAKE-OFF.

ALTHOUGH at the present time most athletic feats get world-wide publicity, the prowess of the pillar-jumpers of Nias has remained almost unknown. Such amazing leaps are achieved by these people that one is tempted to wonder whether their appearance at the Olympic Games at Berlin would not have set some international records tumbling! Nias Island is situated some eighty-odd miles from the west coast of Sumatra. Details of Nias jumping were given in a recent article in "Asia." The islanders are much given to athletics, particularly high-jumping. They do not jump over a rope or a cross-bar, but over a solid column of stone. Every village has its jumping-pillar standing on the paved street in front of the chief's house. It is interesting to note that the Niassans admire a graceful carriage of the body as much as simple muscular vigour. Nias jumpers begin to train at the age of ten or twelve, using a rope stretched between bamboo poles. To get over the pillar, the jumper takes a start of from twelve or fifteen yards. In front of the pillar stands a slightly slanting stone, from which the jumper takes off. The height of the pillar varies in different villages from about 1'80 metres to two metres. When Cornelius Johnson, the America negro athlete, broke the high-jump record at the beginning of the Olympic Games at Berlin, he cleared 2'03 metres, or about 6 ft. 8 in.



AN UNSUCCESSFUL PILLAR-JUMP: A NIAS ATHLETE (A BEGINNER) STRUGGLING TO GET HIS BALANCE AFTER HAVING JUST STRUCK THE TOP OF THE SIX-FOOT JUMPING-PILLAR ON THE VILLAGE STREET—THE TAKE-OFF STONES SEEN BELOW.



A NIAS JUMPER GOES OVER THE PILLAR: A HAIR'S-BREADTH CLEARANCE AS THE RESULT OF VIOLENT, BUT DISCIPLINED, EXERTION—THOUGH THE JUMPER'S STYLE, IN THIS CASE, WAS NOT CONSIDERED PERFECT BY NIAS EXPERTS.



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### BIRDS OF DEATH: THE OLD-WORLD VULTURES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

A WEEK or two ago, some of my readers may remember, I gave a brief account of the vultures of America, pointing out that though in general appearance they bore a fairly close external resemblance to the vultures of the Old World, they were, in spite of this likeness, by no means closely related. They form, indeed, a distinct branch of the Accipitrine tree. This is the more interesting because America has no lack of typical accipitres—falcons and eagles, buzzards and hawks—yet her vultures she had, so to speak, to obtain from another source.

I now want to complete the story of the vulture by giving a brief survey of the vultures which are to be found all over the world except in America—North or South. They are all birds of an evil reputation, owing to their unpleasing preference for carrion, rather than for freshly killed meat. On which account in hot countries they are invaluable as scavengers in the streets, or were before modern sanitation came into being.

They differ from what I have just called the "typical accipitres" in having no "tooth" or notch on the edge of the upper margin of the beak, and no bony shelf over the eyebrow, which gives that ferocious appearance to the falcons, and in having the head and neck either completely bare, or with a scanty covering of down-like feathers, while the fleshy tongue has upturned edges bearing more or less conspicuous spines, a feature found also in the American vultures, and associated with carrion-eating habits. The feet are comparatively feeble, for the toes, though long, bear rather short, blunt claws, and their under-surfaces do not show the bulbous and spiny outgrowths seen on the toes

valley, 1000 ft. without once moving its wings! It feeds only on carcasses, though it has been accused of killing lambs and fowls. Some say this is the bird which dropped a tortoise on the head of the poet Æschylus and killed him!

The smallest of the vultures is the Egyptian vulture, known in Egypt as "Pharaoh's Chicken." It shares

far more conspicuously developed in the nearly-related but smaller Indian Pondicherry Vulture (*Otologyps calvus*), which displays a great tongue-shaped lappet of skin hanging down on each side of the lower jaw. The most pleasing in the matter of plumage is the Abyssinian Ruppell's Vulture, on account of the broad, yellowish grey margins to its wing-coverts. This is one of the "Griffons," but smaller than the European Griffon (*Gyps fulvus*), which stands about three-and-a-half feet high. Like its larger relative, Ruppell's Vulture has a white downy "collar" round the base of the neck, a feature, indeed, common to most vultures.

I have been able to give no more than the broad outlines of the more striking species of vultures, because there are things which must be said concerning their mode of finding their food. Birds which hunt living prey have movements to guide them. Vultures must search the ground over immense areas of country, to find generally no more than an indistinct "something" lying on the ground, which may, on closer examination, prove to be a feast. This is commonly found, at last, by a solitary scout, who forthwith makes all speed to the spot to investigate. Another, perhaps several miles away, soaring in circles with a like purpose, sees the sudden change of direction of the bird which has found something and forthwith starts off in the same direction, and this goes on to greater and greater distances away. As a result, however, of the lead of the first bird being followed, in the course of an hour a host will have gathered to the feast. Longfellow well expressed this rule of "follow my neighbour" in one of his poems—

Never stoops the soaring Vulture  
On his quarry in the desert,  
On the sick or wounded Bison,  
But another Vulture watching  
From his high aerial look-out,  
Sees the downward plunge and follows.

That fine old naturalist Charles Waterton, just a hundred years ago, passed pungent criticisms on experiments made by American ornithologists to discover whether the vulture found its food by sight or by scent. The experiments were undoubtedly crude, but

they convinced the investigator that the birds depended on their extraordinary keen powers of sight. And they

were right. Waterton contended that they depended on the powers of smell. The odours of a decaying carcass, he insisted, would rise into the air, and by diffusion spread over an immense area, but it did not occur to him that the further they spread the more attenuated they would become!

This matter of the choice of food, and its influence as a moulding force in the evolution of different types of animals, has never been properly grasped. But it is to be met with on every hand. The taste for carrion may be said to be latent in many birds of prey. Even the lordly eagle finds it palatable, though whether it is eaten under stress of hunger, or with a relish, is not clear. In the vultures, then, both of the Old and New Worlds, we have an extension of this choice shared by every member of a large number of species. But even here we have some which will occasionally eat fresh meat, and even kill and eat snakes and frogs. This is true even of the Egyptian vulture, which, as I have said, has earned the unenviable reputation of being "the foulest feeder that flies"!



THE FAMOUS LAMMERGEIER: ONE OF THE LARGEST OF THE VULTURE TRIBE; FORMERLY COMMON IN SWITZERLAND, WHERE IT ADDED TO THE ROMANTIC ASPECT OF MOUNTAINOUS PANORAMAS; AND STILL TO BE FOUND IN NUMBERS IN PARTS OF SPAIN.

This is one of the most primitive species of the vulture tribe, forming the connecting link between these birds and the "accipitres"—that is, the falcons, eagles, and hawks. It is sometimes called the Bearded Vulture, from the tuft of black bristles under its lower jaw.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

with the Griffon vulture a prominent place in Egyptian hieroglyphics, and one may suppose that both these birds were kept in captivity by the Ancient Egyptians, since their bodies are so commonly found embalmed. It is, however, by no means confined to Egypt, for it breeds from Savoy and Provence through the Canaries to North Africa and India, and has thrice been killed in England. This and the Griffon, indeed, are both "British birds," though this status is founded on no more than casual occurrence of each species on our shores.

The Egyptian vulture, so far as appearances go, is quite a respectable bird, for its white plumage and black wing-quills are enlivened by a crimson iris, yellow face, and pink legs. It differs, however, from all its kin in having a feathered neck. But in spite of its presentable appearance, it is said to be the foulest feeder among birds; for not only does it show a marked preference for putrid flesh, but it eats excrement no less greedily! At times it will affect a more cleanly diet by following the plough and picking up worms and grubs, reptiles or frogs. But these are rare meals. Like the Lammergeier, it is said to break bones by carrying them up to a great height and dropping them to the ground, from which habit they are known to the Spaniards as "bone-smashers." On the wing it is a relatively poor performer.

One of the largest of the tribe is the African Eared Vulture (*Otologyps auricularis*), which is only a little inferior in size to the American condor or the mighty Lammergeier. It derives the name "eared" from the lappets of skin round the head. But this form of ornamentation is



A VULTURE WHICH FIGURED IN THE EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHIC ALPHABET: "PHARAOH'S CHICKEN," WHICH HAS THE UNENVIABLE REPUTATION OF BEING THE FOULEST FEEDER THAT FLIES!

The Egyptian is the smallest of the vultures. It is white in colour, with bare skin and a yellow face that contrasts with the crimson iris of its eye. In Egypt it goes by the name of "Pharaoh's Chicken."



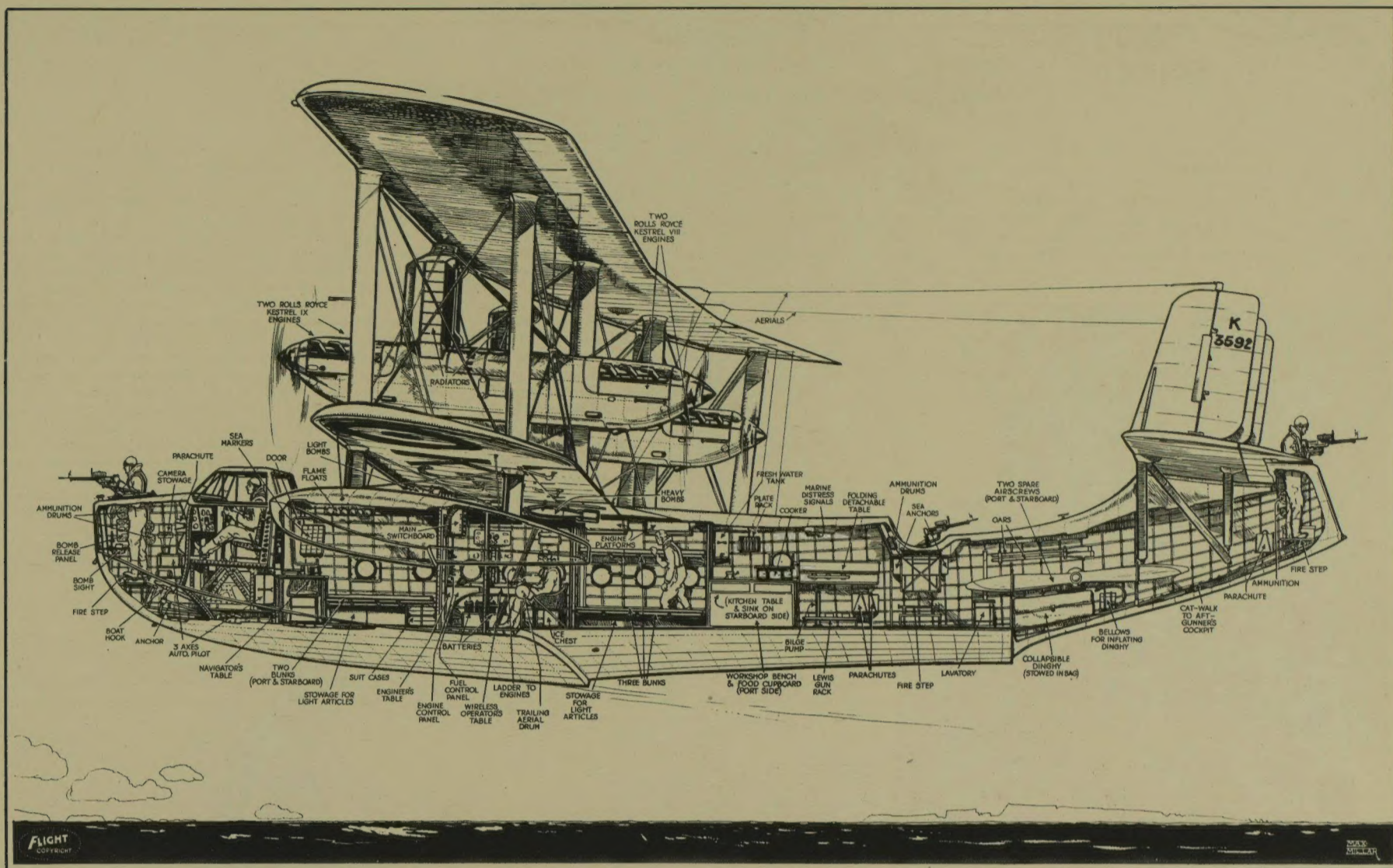
RUPPELL'S ABYSSINIAN VULTURE: ONE OF THE "GRIFFONS," A GROUP WHICH INCLUDES THE MUCH LARGER GREAT GRIFFON VULTURE.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

of birds of prey which have to hold down struggling victims or carry them away.

The least specialised of all, "a vulture in the making," is the Lammergeier, or Bearded Vulture (*Gypaetus barbatus*), for it forms a connecting link between the rest of the tribe and the falcons, eagles, and hawks. This is a conspicuously large bird of a rather sinister appearance, due largely to the strange tuft of black bristles hanging down under the lower jaw, and the crimson "sclerotic-ring," answering to the "white" of the eye, which surrounds the orange-coloured iris. Years ago it might have been seen every day soaring about the Alps, but persecution has now made it a rarity there, though every large raptorial bird is now pointed out by Swiss guides as a "Lammergeier," to please their patrons! Its soaring powers are remarkable. The late Mr. Abel Chapman tells of one he was watching in the Sierra Bermeja—for it is still, happily, fairly common in parts of Spain—which was sailing along on a horizontal course when it suddenly "uplifted" and rose to the top of the cliffs on the opposite side of the

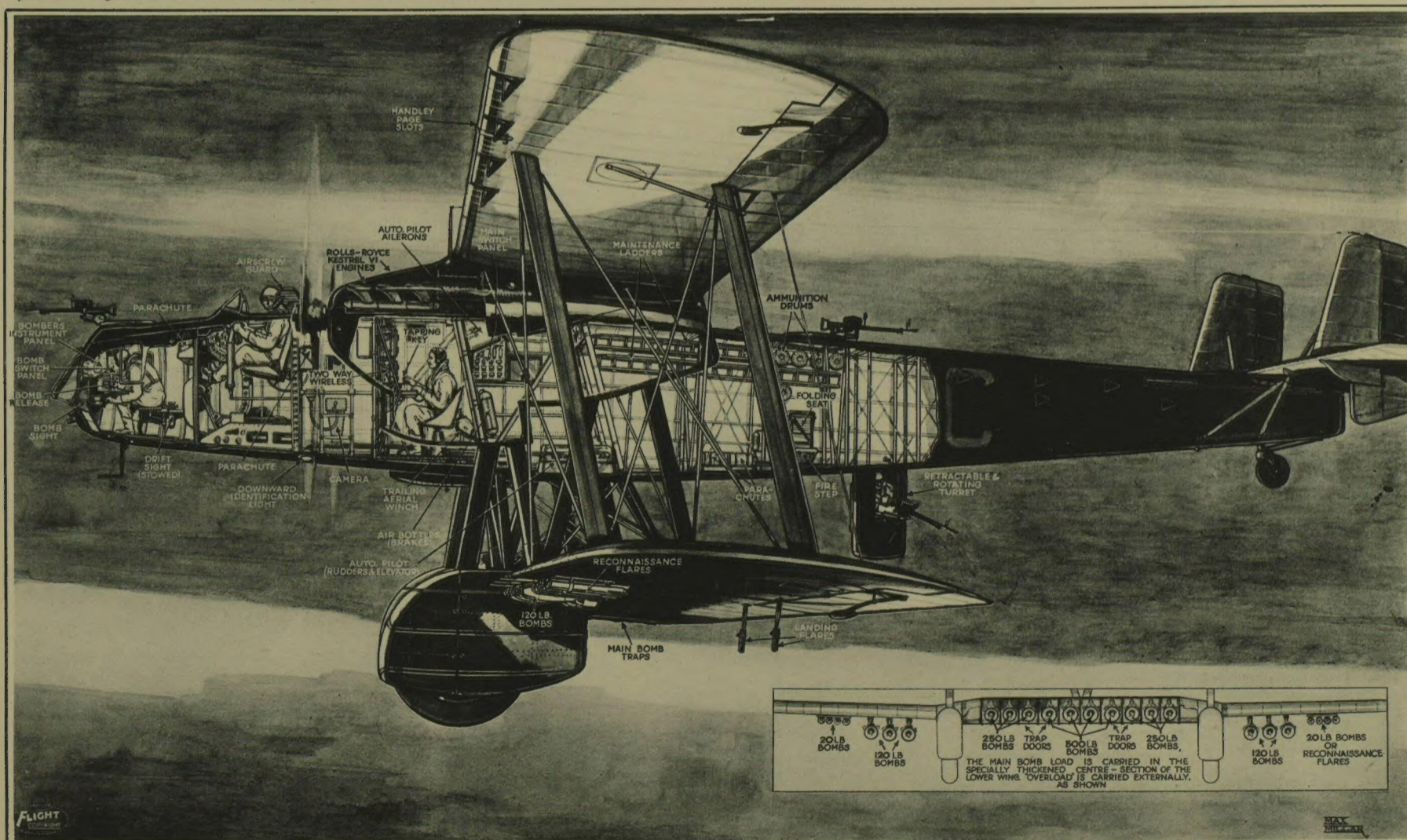
## COMPLEXITIES OF BRITISH MILITARY AIRCRAFT: AMPHIBIAN AND BOMBER.



AN AMPHIBIAN FLYING-BOAT FOR OPEN-SEA RECONNAISSANCE: THE SHORT "SINGAPORE III," A STANDARD TYPE OF MACHINE IN SERVICE WITH CERTAIN SQUADRONS OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE AT HOME AND ABROAD—A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING THAT SHOWS DETAILS OF STRUCTURE AND EQUIPMENT.

"For long cruises under arduous climatic conditions," says a note on this drawing in "Flight," "the crew of a flying-boat like the 'Singapore III' is made as comfortable as possible, compatibly with the lay-out of the machine, in which the primary consideration must be military efficiency. This picture shows how it is possible for a man, if necessary, to get from the bows, all the way along the hull, to the gun position in the extreme stern. Although designated officially a flying-boat, the 'Singapore III' might well be termed a flying ship. Everything possible is done on nautical lines. The

crew must be proficient in seamanship as well as airmanship. Complete marine equipment, including a boathook and anchor, is stowed in the bows, and sea-anchors, or drogues, are carried near the second gun position. The machine is a standard type, and is in service with certain R.A.F. squadrons at home and abroad. The maximum speed is 145 m.p.h." The motive power, it will be seen, is supplied by four Rolls-Royce engines—two Kestrel IX, and two Kestrel VIII. For bombing, the sighting, fusing, and release equipment is similar to that found on a typical heavy bomber.



A HEAVY BOMBER IN THE SERVICE OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE: THE HANDLEY PAGE "HEYFORD"—A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING THAT INCLUDES PRACTICALLY ALL THE ITEMS REQUIRED FOR NIGHT BOMBING; WITH AN INSET DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW THE BOMBS ARE CARRIED, AND THEIR WEIGHT.

In an explanatory note given in "Flight" we read: "Practically every item of equipment necessary for bombing operations by night is visible in this drawing of the Handley Page Heyford heavy bomber, with which a number of R.A.F. squadrons are equipped. A notable feature of the Heyford is the bomb stowage in the specially thickened centre section of the bottom wings. This compartment, being near the ground, permits rapid loading of bombs, and there is no danger of the re-arming crews walking into air-screws in the dark. Cruising at 115 m.p.h. at 10,000 ft., the Heyford bomber has

an endurance of 8½ hours. The main petrol tanks, which permit this endurance, are housed in the nacelles behind the Rolls-Royce Kestrel VI engines. The engines (vee-twelves, compositely cooled) are supercharged to give a normal output of 600 h.p. at 11,000 ft. In this drawing, the bomb-sight is being used by the bomb aimer, and the 'dustbin' (the turret shown projecting below the after part of the machine) is manned by a gunner in defence against fighters attacking from below." With its fuselage hung from the top planes, the Heyford is a very easily recognised machine.

# ORIENT EXPRESS.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"NEWS FROM TARTARY": By PETER FLEMING.\*

(PUBLISHED BY JONATHAN CAPE.)

AFTER a stroll in them from Peking to Kashmir—3500 miles across Central Asia—Mr. Fleming gave away his boots. They were remarkable boots. "Baptised in the swamps of Alabama, they had won their spurs on a Guatemalan volcano. They had trodden rabbits out of English brambles, and they were no strangers to the nauseous but snipe-haunted mud of rice-fields of South

British weakness for understatement, since it springs chiefly from a genuine modesty and a dread (sometimes almost too anxious) of exaggeration. But as for justification for the journey—if Mr. Fleming has any doubt about that, we recommend him to read a book called "News From Tartary," by that ripe scholar Fu Lei-Ming, otherwise Learned-Engraver-on-Stone. We assure him that the engraving is masterly and the stone weather- and time-proof—a bit of a monument, in fact.

Of course, the enterprise—like so many of the best enterprises—was, from the first, hopelessly impracticable. "He who starts on a ride of two or three thousand miles may experience, at the moment of departure, a variety of emotions. He may feel excited, sentimental, anxious, carefree, heroic, roistering, picaresque, introspective, or practically anything else; but above all he must and will feel a fool. It is like sitting down to read *The Faerie Queene* right through, only worse." "The Faerie Queene," however, is an open book, for those who can face it with resolution, whereas the whole Province of Sinkiang was a closed book, of which the outside world had not been able to read a word for two years. That in itself was no obstacle to Mr. Fleming—on the contrary, it was a powerful inducement; but there was the further fact that none of the usual caravan routes across Sinkiang was possible in the extremely complicated circumstances of civil war then existing. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to try an unaccustomed way through the south of the Province, roughly parallel with the border of Tibet. Of this district all that was known was that it was probably in the control of the bellicose Tungans, who were in revolt against whatever Government was established in the Province. Exactly what that Government was, whether Chinese or Russian or a little of both—or, indeed, whether there was any Government at all—was to the last degree obscure.

This was no "expedition." The equipment was as follows: "Apart

the pot very efficiently; and a West End suit with which Mr. Fleming intended to signalise his return to civilisation, but which, being unlucky at a river ford, was not only silted up with alluvial deposits but dyed green by contact with a gaudy sash from Khotan.

Thus furnished—and, it turned out, sufficiently furnished—the traveller set forth on his fantastic journey with a 'dual motive. First, as Special Correspondent for the Newspaper - for - the - Enlightened - Apprehension - of - Scholars—alias *The Times*—he was entrusted with the delicate task of finding out what had really been happening in Sinkiang since 1933. Secondly, he was on *yu li*. We do not know the exact translation of *yu li*, but it appears to mean an excursion, jaunt, or frolic, undertaken simply for its own sake, which is nobody's business except the excursionist's. If not quite an ace, it was at least a picture card in Mr. Fleming's hand; and when, as often happened, there were questions about irregularities of passports, or suspicions of espionage, or any other official inquisitiveness, *yu li* was an argument which always won respect.

Without premeditation on either side, Mr. Fleming joined forces with Miss Ella Maillart, known to the readers



"THE ROOF OF THE WORLD": AN AWE-INSPIRING MOUNTAIN PASS IN CENTRAL ASIA TRAVERSED DURING MR. PETER FLEMING'S 3500-MILE JOURNEY FROM PEKING TO INDIA.

All illustrations on this page reproduced from "News From Tartary." By Peter Fleming. By Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Jonathan Cape.

China. Thus seasoned, they had journeyed to Brazil and bore the scars which boots acquire in the Matto Grosso jungles. They had even been round the-world, pausing en route to march with a Japanese column on a punitive expedition in Manchuria. They had been a marvel to the ill-shod Caucasians, and a joke (because they were so thin) in wintry Mongolia. . . . They stood for freedom and the backblocks; they stood for the luck which had always dogged me while I wore them." We cannot guess how Mr. Fleming is going to replace those boots; but we hope he will try, for if there is not something to lure him to "freedom and the backblocks," and to "dog" him with good luck, a great many readers are going to be deprived of a very substantial pleasure in the future. Mr. Fleming complains that "the trouble about journeys nowadays is that they are easy to make but difficult to justify." We will not presume to argue with him about the "easiness" of the overland journey from China to India—many might consider it the reverse of easy to travel for seven months across some of the most formidable desert and mountain passes in the world, through stringently "forbidden" country, covering often twenty miles a day on foot amid heat, cold, drought, and sandstorms, living largely on barley-meal (indistinguishable from sawdust) mixed with tea and rancid butter—many might consider all this, undertaken with comically inadequate equipment, somewhat venturesome. Mr. Fleming, however, ought to know—he has "been there"—and we must allow him his little



"RIFLEMEN, FORM!" IN THE FAR EAST: A TUNGAN SOLDIER, TYPICAL OF TROOPS DESCRIBED AS "THE BEST FIGHTERS, BAR THE COMMUNISTS, IN CHINA."

"The capital (of Sinkiang), Urumchi, had been saved from the invading Tungan rebels in January, 1934, by Soviet troops and aeroplanes operating—inadmissibly and unavowedly—on Chinese soil; and the redoubtable Tungan army—the best fighters, bar the Communists, in China—was thought to be confined in that string of oases of which the centre is Khotan."

from old clothes, a few books, two compasses and two portable typewriters, we took with us from Peking only the following supplies: 2 lb. of marmalade, 4 tins of cocoa, 6 bottles of brandy, 1 bottle of Worcester sauce, 1 lb. of coffee, 3 small packets of chocolate, some soap, and a good deal of tobacco, besides a small store of knives, beads, toys, etc., by way of presents, and a rather scratch assortment of medicines." The list is not complete, for there were also Macaulay's "History of England"; a rook rifle which aroused spirited controversy in the columns of *The Times*, but which frequently supplied



"THE PRIME MINISTER": A LOCAL DIGNITARY IN TEIJINAR, "WITH A LONG, TAPERING SILVER BEARD AND A HUMOROUS EYE," FROM WHOM CAMELS WERE PURCHASED FOR THE JOURNEY WESTWARDS.

"We received a call from the most venerable of the young Prince's entourage, whom we had conjecturally identified as the Prime Minister. The Prime Minister was a shrivelled but vigorous old man with a long, tapering silver beard and a humorous eye; he was also a camel-fancier in a big way, and after much circuitous talk . . . for an average price of about £4, we bought one good camel from him and three more from a Mongol-Chinese half-caste."

of this book, and known with profound esteem, as Kini. This adventure was only one characteristic episode in this Swiss girl's extraordinarily versatile career. Both she and Mr. Fleming had intended to undertake the journey alone, but their partnership, at first a little reluctant, proved an unqualified success. By all the laws of fiction, as Mr. Fleming observes, they were bound either to fall madly in love or get on each other's nerves intolerably. They did neither, but confuted the whole school of Desert Romance by both assuming the rôle of Sheikh. Of Kini's many talents, ranging from cookery to veterinary surgery, we despair of giving any just account; no hardship found her wanting, no peril dismayed, and no crisis unprepared. Every reader will take personal pleasure in the fact that—setting aside such trifles as the kick of a horse and the bite of a dog—no worse befell her (but it is bad enough!) than persistent lumbago.

We are guiltily conscious that an "appreciation" should attempt some geographical account of the journey itself; but after consulting our crowded notes we are resigned to the conclusion that no *précis* could possibly do justice to a book so full of movement, incident, and (not least important) fun. There is (in addition to many admirable photographs) an excellent, clear map, which the reader, if he is wise, will frequently consult. The straggling red line of Mr. Fleming's route divides itself into certain natural stages. From Peking to Lanchow was a matter of "nightmare" trains and fantastically overloaded lorries; the real problems began at Sining, the gateway to the Province of Chinghai. Here the chief anxiety was about passports, which were granted only after a long and anxious wait. (They were never the correct passports, not being really valid for Sinkiang; but somehow, by bluff and ingenious feats of preserving "face," the travellers managed to get through on them, though not without several narrow escapes.) The route through Chinghai was enlivened for seventeen days by the company of the Prince of Dzun and his retinue; it led across mountainous country through the monotonous Tsaidam marsh and to the frontier of Sinkiang at Issik Pakte. The rest of the way, in the broadest terms, lay from oasis to oasis in the country of the Turks and of the Tungan forces. The district of Altyn, past the Black Cold Mountains, Mr. Fleming admits was "no picnic," and here there were serious casualties among the animals; neither was the long, droughty, tedious stretch across the

\* "News From Tartary": A Journey from Peking to Kashmir. By Peter Fleming. With fifty-seven illustrations and Map. (Jonathan Cape; 12s. 6d.)



UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS. II.—THE WINGED VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE IN THE LOUVRE ; ITS BEAUTY ENHANCED BY NEW LIGHTING.

The example of the Victoria and Albert and certain other European Museums has been followed by the Louvre, where a number of rooms have been opened to the public at night. Advantage has been taken of the rearrangement made necessary by this to devise new settings for some of the famous statuary, and some wonderful

effects have been achieved. The Winged Victory of Samothrace, illustrated here, stands out against a floodlit background. The statue was originally erected in memory of a victory won by Demetrius Poliorcetes about 305 B.C. It rises from a pedestal in the form of the prow of a trireme.

# THE OLDEST BIBLICAL MANUSCRIPT, BY 300 YEARS, DISCOVERED AMONG EGYPTIAN MUMMY WRAPPINGS.

PAPYRUS FRAGMENTS OF "DEUTERONOMY" (IN GREEK), DATING FROM THE SECOND CENTURY B.C.: A MEMORABLE FIND (INCLUDING ALSO PASSAGES FROM HOMER AND OTHER PAPYRI) IN A MANCHESTER LIBRARY.

By C. H. ROBERTS, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, who identified the "Deuteronomy" papyrus. Photographs by Courtesy of Dr. H. Guppy, Librarian of the John Rylands Library, Manchester.

The papyrus fragments to which the following article relates were found in Egypt and brought to England some years ago by Dr. Rendel Harris, who purchased them for the John Rylands Library. The importance of the discovery, however, was not suspected until Mr. C. H. Roberts recently separated the six different layers, which, as he describes, had been stuck together and used as a cartonnage, or wrapping, for a mummy. Last year, it may be recalled, Mr. Roberts discovered in the same library a second-century A.D. fragment of St. John's Gospel, the oldest known New Testament manuscript.

THE contribution of Egypt to Biblical studies, which may well seem out of proportion to its importance in the Hellenistic and Roman periods, is primarily due to one of the most striking physical characteristics of the country—the fact that in the whole area south of the modern Cairo the rainfall is so small as to be negligible. For only in these rainless areas are papyri (a term which includes literary texts as well as business and private documents) found; and though of late some papyri have been discovered in Mesopotamia (including a fragment of Tatian's Harmony of the Gospels) and still more recently the discovery of texts of the early Byzantine period in Palestine itself has been announced, yet the term papyrus denotes first and foremost Egyptian papyrus. This is not the place to detail the great discoveries of Christian papyri, whether, like the famous *Sayings of Jesus* from Oxyrhynchus or the *Unknown Gospel* in the British Museum, they are texts otherwise completely unknown to us, or whether they present us with fragments of the Christian Bible as we know it to-day; but we can say that there is a strong presumption that even the Old Testament papyri belonged to Christian and not to Jewish communities and that none of them is earlier than the second century A.D. Here, in part, lies the interest of the discovery in the John Rylands Library, Manchester, of five fragments of a roll containing the Book of Deuteronomy which can be dated to the second century B.C.; it is the only pre-Christian evidence for the Greek version of the Old Testament and the earliest manuscript, by three hundred years, of any part of the Bible in any language.

This find is not without its historical interest, and before describing the text itself it may be as well to give some idea of the society in which it was written and used. Quite apart from the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt, we occasionally hear of Jews in Egypt in the centuries before Alexander; but soon after Alexander's conquest what might almost be called a Jewish invasion took place.

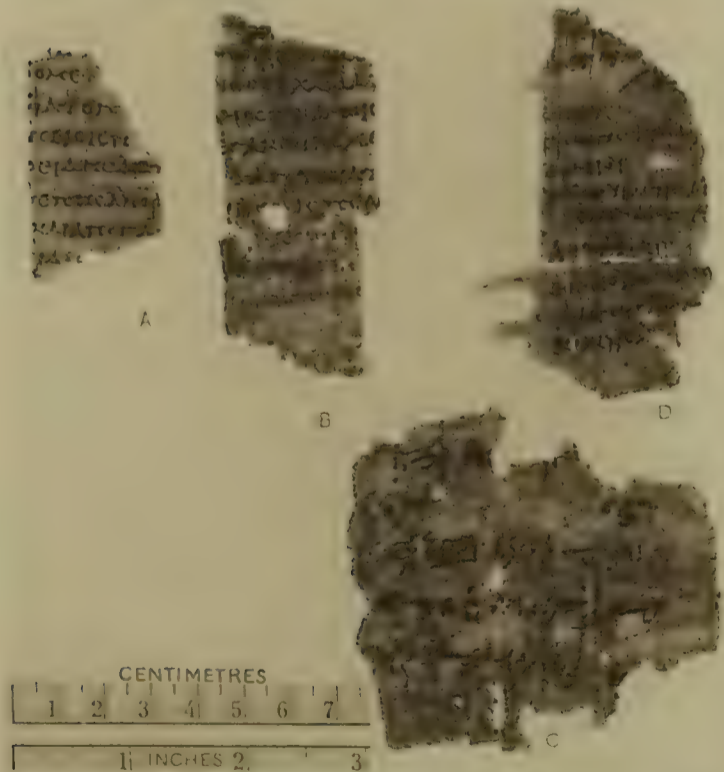
Greek army, and though the country was inundated with settlers from every part of the Greek world, other nationalities, too, took their part in the exploitation of Egypt. Of these the most important, both in numbers and in their influence on the future history of the country, were the Jews. Large numbers of them were introduced by the first Ptolemy (305-282 B.C.), and we find them scattered throughout the country as farmers and soldiers settled on the land; it may be noticed that they were not conspicuous as traders. References to them are particularly frequent from what is now the Fayum province, from which this papyrus may well have come. Placed in this cosmopolitan society in which distinctions of race and religion soon disappeared, Judaism took a decisive step; a translation—the first great translation in the history of literature—of the Hebrew scriptures was made in Alexandria, and the survival of Judaism outside Palestine secured. In later times much legend

THE EARLIEST KNOWN MANUSCRIPT, BY 300 YEARS, OF ANY PART OF THE BIBLE IN ANY LANGUAGE, AND THE ONLY PRE-CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE FOR THE GREEK VERSION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT: THE FIVE FRAGMENTS OF PAPYRUS (WITH THREE SMALLER SCRAPS) CONTAINING PASSAGES FROM "DEUTERONOMY," RECENTLY DISCOVERED AMONG MUMMY-WRAPPINGS IN THE JOHN RYLANDS LIBRARY AT MANCHESTER, AND DATED TO THE SECOND CENTURY B.C.

This photograph shows all the surviving fragments of the "Deuteronomy" roll. Dark patches, due to the glue which held the cartonnage together, have damaged the appearance of the text; but in spite of this, and the intensive cleaning to which the papyrus had to be subjected, the elegance of this careful and delicate script is still visible. The size of the fragments is indicated by the measurement scale, marked in centimetres and inches.

of the second century B.C., nor does the evidence of the Demotic texts conflict with this conclusion. But these are not the only reasons for assigning a second century date to the Deuteronomy papyrus. The hand in which it is written is very similar to that of a fragment of one of the lost plays of Sophocles, the *Inachus*; this papyrus came from Tebtunis in the Fayum, and from the same mummy in which it was found came a document dated near the middle of the century. A final argument is that the papyrus of Homer found with the Deuteronomy text exhibits a type of text which did not circulate much later than the middle of the century. Cumulatively, these arguments are convincing, and we may say with very little hesitation, that this Biblical MS. was written in the second century B.C., probably near the middle of it.

That this papyrus has a sentimental value, and, in addition, some historical interest, is perhaps clear; but its real value lies in what it can tell us about the text of the Old Testament at this early date. To explain this a short digression is necessary. The main authority for the text of the Old Testament is the Hebrew MSS., but it so happens that none of these is earlier than the ninth century A.D., and that very probably all of these derive from a single recension made not long after the fall of Jerusalem in 70 A.D. That this text was accurately transmitted we have every reason to think; but it does not help us to see what the Hebrew text was like before this period, and for this some of the versions, and above all, the Greek version of the Septuagint, are of great importance. In some places where Greek and Hebrew differ there are good reasons for thinking that the Greek preserves the older text. The MSS. of the Septuagint themselves differ (though it should be emphasised that it is only very rarely that the difference affects the sense very much), and when the Cambridge Septuagint was published some fifty years ago it was thought that the Codex Vaticanus (or B) presented the oldest form of the Septuagint text. Since then there have been various reasons for doubting this conclusion, and it is here that the papyrus gives us valuable evidence. For, small though these fragments are, the text has a decided character of its own, and it is legitimate to infer from the text of these fragments to the text of the whole Book at least. The result is that, whereas it agrees with B only three times, on eleven occasions it agrees with the Codex Alexandrinus (A) and on 12 with a MS. close to A, the Washington MS. The text that the papyrus offers is not the same as any of these, for it has four readings not recorded elsewhere, but it is far closer to the A text than to the B; thus B, so far from being the oldest version of the text, may itself be a "revised text"—and when the time comes for making another "revised version" of the English Bible, such evidence as this may be of importance.



THE BIBLE AND HOMER COMBINE TO PROVIDE AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY-WRAPPING! OTHER PAPYRUS FRAGMENTS DISCOVERED WITH THOSE OF "DEUTERONOMY"—(A AND B) PIECES OF THE "ILIAD"; (C) A DEMOTIC FRAGMENT, INDICATING THE FAYUM AS THE PLACE OF ORIGIN; (D) PART OF A BUSINESS ACCOUNT.

Small fragments of a number of other papyri were found together with those of "Deuteronomy" (seen in the other photograph), and some are shown above. Those marked a and b came from a roll which contained Book I. of Homer's "Iliad." It has some interesting variants from the received text. That marked c is one of the Demotic fragments, a list of names, from which we learn that the provenance of the whole find was probably the Fayum; while d—composed of three smaller pieces joined together—is part of an account (including wages paid to workmen) written in a cursive Greek hand.

# CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN: SEVILLE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS IN REBEL HANDS.



THE REBELS CONSOLIDATING THEIR CONTROL OF ANDALUSIA: TROOPS UNDER GENERAL QUEIPO DE LLANO ENTERING THE TOWN OF EL CORONIL, SOUTH-EAST OF SEVILLE, DURING THEIR OPERATIONS IN THE COUNTRYSIDE.



GENERAL QUEIPO DE LLANO'S REBEL TROOPS RECEIVING THE FASCIST SALUTE FROM WOMEN ONLOOKERS AS THEY ENTER EL CORONIL: A STRONG FORCE OF ARMED MEN, MARCHING HAPHAZARD, TAKING POSSESSION OF THE TOWN.



A BRIDGE OVER THE RIO TINTO BLOWN UP BY GOVERNMENT SUPPORTERS: REBEL TROOPS PREPARING TO CROSS THE RIVER ON FOOT AT NIEBLA, HUELVA PROVINCE—A NOT VERY FORMIDABLE TASK, AS THE WATER IS VERY LOW.



A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF THE CHURCH BURNING IN WHICH COMMUNIST AND ANARCHIST SUPPORTERS OF THE GOVERNMENT HAVE INDULGED THROUGHOUT SPAIN: RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF SAN ROQUE, IN A SUBURB OF SEVILLE.



THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARINA, IN SEVILLE, PARTIALLY DESTROYED BY REDS BEFORE THE REBELS GAINED THEIR CONTROL OF THE CITY: MEN AND WOMEN VISITORS PICKING THEIR WAY THROUGH DÉBRIS LITTERING THE FLOOR.

Seville, the capital of Andalusia, fell into rebel hands soon after the outbreak of the insurrection on July 18. At first there was sharp fighting, which was witnessed by men of the British motor-vessel "Palacio" as it lay in the line of fire; but the desertion of the Seville airmen to the rebel side turned the scale. General Queipo de Llano, the rebel commander under General Franco, then made Seville his headquarters, using the wireless station to broadcast daily messages of successes and threats. He repeatedly announced a forthcoming advance northward on Madrid,

but at the time of writing this had not yet materialised. His troops, however, were able to consolidate their hold on the greater part of Andalusia, including Cordoba and Granada, although unable to capture the important coastal city of Malaga, where Government supporters remained to prove a thorn in their side. On August 7 General Franco, the leader of the rebellion, arrived in Seville from Morocco with his staff, apparently intending to set up his headquarters there. He was reported to be preparing a further attack on Malaga, with Moroccan troops.

# The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN.

## LITTLE WOMEN

AT the Malvern Theatre Festival there is always one play which is expected to have more than the brief, but distinguished, existence which a place in the Festival affords. It is there to be given a trial, and everybody hopes, especially the players partaking, that what the Midlands liked yesterday London will be asked to like, and will take to its heart, to-morrow. This year, the eighth of Sir Barry Jackson's summer ventures at the Spa, the play on which high hopes were set was a dramatisation of Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre," by Miss Helen Jerome, the adapter of Miss Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," which has been so successful both in New York and at the St. James's Theatre.

So it is a pleasant probability that Jane's Elizabeth and Charlotte's Jane, both escorted by the same tactful American hand, may, during this autumn, be ruling on the London stage together. The two heroines have a good deal in common: we think of them as little women with big problems, winning big victories, and certainly they were both the devotees and the conquerors of proud, aloof, and difficult men. Their progress in matrimony had some similarity; a baffling chill is on both of their beloveds, on D'Arcy as on Rochester. Do we really believe in these two? In neither case are they the strong point of the story. But neither is wholly "bogus," as we say nowadays, and they are far more than pegs on which to hang a plot. They are enigmatic and riddles can hold the attention. Unromantic in manner, they are yet good figures of romance. They are decorative, too, strapping, handsome creatures, falcon-eyed, flashing darkly. They amply suffice for their office. But the real pleasure of the story and the play in both cases comes from their little women.

The Cinderella Tale is always and everywhere irresistible. It may be re-dated and re-dressed, but it never disappoints.

with rough, uproarious, abounding humours. But these humours have almost nothing in common with the verbal dexterity and the play of intelligence called wit. "Jane Eyre" escapes from the fate of Cinderellodom because Jane has a mind which snaps on a subject as well as a fancy which plays round it. Almost as soon as we meet

leave a great deal out, much of it of obvious dramatic value. I was surprised, for example, to find that the episode where Rochester dresses up as a gipsy and tells Jane's fortune along with the others had been dropped. Furthermore, it is a mistake surely to give us no glimpse of Jane's temporary and aristocratic rival, Blanche

Ingram; we need the sumptuous but mindless charms of Blanche as a contrast to the Quakerish looks but quick wit of our heroine. However, it is already a long play, and I suppose no more could be squeezed in. What matters is that Jane should emerge as something much larger in mind and spirit than the term "little woman" would suggest. And she does.

Miss Curigwen Lewis, who played the part, has had plenty of experience of playing little women, for she is small of stature and her successful career in two repertory companies has brought a large number of the parts for which she is physically fitted. She wisely avoided emphasis on sentiment and gave us a neat, firm, convincing picture of the governess who lost her heart and kept her head. Mr. Reginald Tate is an actor of strength and authority; his Rochester proved also that he has subtlety and wit. He looked the part finely, and his share of mental fencing was done with a nice appreciation of cut-and-thrust. The suspense which hangs over the fiend-ridden West Wing of Thornfield Hall is so obviously theatrical that, however well you may happen to know the story, there is still a chance to be frightened in the play-house when the screams ring out and the maniac emerges. The difficulty here is that all

"AND SUDDEN DEATH," AT THE PLAZA: FRANCES DRAKE AS THE GIRL SPEED-FIEND WHO IS INVOLVED IN A ROMANCE WITH A YOUNG POLICE OFFICER. LIEUT. KNOX (RANDOLPH SCOTT; RIGHT), WHO IS SPONSORING A CAMPAIGN AGAINST RECKLESS DRIVING, USING MODELS SUCH AS THAT SEEN HERE.

With the toll of road casualties mounting in almost every civilised country, "And Sudden Death" strikes a distinctly topical note. The girl speed-fiend, Betty Winslow, is taught wisdom by Lieut. Knox; and then a romance grows up between them. Betty is wrongfully imprisoned when she tries to shield her brother, who has been involved in a motor smash; but eventually all turns out for the best.

her, small and oppressed, she is making a gallant reply to the odious Mr. Brocklehurst which is magnificent in just this quality of decisive wit. That greasy tormentor, as vile as any of the humbugs and bullies in Dickens, has just been threatening the ten-year-old with hell-fire and asking whether she would like to burn for ever. When Jane says she would not, he asks how she proposes to avoid it. "I must keep in good

this sensational stuff is over quite soon; the audience is subjected to violent excitement for one act and has to be interested and entertained for two more with a less obvious appeal to the feelings. Then there are those tedious Rivers people and the plot is wound up with a mass of lucky coincidence which is almost laughable.

Miss Jerome could not help that; nor could the players. Both dramatist and performers have done what they have done well, and the theme is bound to win. The public always has its kiss for Cinderella; the more discerning members of the audience will in this case also rejoice because the lady has a pretty wit as well as an attractive face. The little woman has a larger appeal than that of weakness to sympathy: her tears are touching, but it is her laughter which guarantees the completeness of her victory.



MASSINE IN HIS GREAT NEW BALLET "SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE," WHICH HAS HAD A BRILLIANT SUCCESS AT COVENT GARDEN: THE FAMOUS DANCER AND CHOREOGRAPHER AS THE ROMANTIC AND TRAGIC HERO IN HIS INTERPRETATION OF BERLIOZ'S FAMOUS CHIEF-D'ŒUVRE.

There is some of it in "Pride and Prejudice"; there is far more of it in "Jane Eyre." "Jane Eyre" has excessively, almost intolerably, sentimental phases. It occasionally exploits the pathos of the Little Woman as it exploits the horror of the Maniac in the West Wing. The result of exploitation is very often defeat. One may fail to be terrified by the screams behind the door at Thornfield, and one feels that Jane's sufferings at Mrs. Reed's and at Lowood, though simply and poignantly told, could have been just as well described by women of far less ability than Charlotte Brontë. The bullying and whipping of cowed and half-starved girls is a dreadful theme; it does not need genius to make us smart beneath the rods applied to Jane Eyre and Helen Burns.

No doubt this part of the story was essential. The exposure of Lowood was as necessary for the protection of Victorian girls as the exposure of Squeers and Creake had been necessary for the rescue of boys liable to imprisonment in torture-chambers passing as schools. But the essential aspect of Jane Eyre, for me, is not that she is a little woman and a martyr, but that she is a plucky woman and a wit. After all, wit is the saving feature, because your Cinderella legends and your fairy tales in general are rarely salted with this quality. Pantomime, based on fairy tales, mitigates the sentiment of the story

health and not die," is the superb answer of the child.

That kind of wit survives and increases in Jane, whose passages of arms with Fairfax Rochester are superb displays of mental fencing. "Another stick of the penknife when she pretended to pat my head" is Rochester's description of some of Jane's conversation, and it is these thrusts which prevent the play, as they prevent the novel, from becoming a sticky exercise on the Cinderella theme. Miss Jerome, in preparing the version of "Jane Eyre" which I saw at Malvern and hope to see again in London, has had to



"SAINT JOAN" REVIVED AT THE MALVERN FESTIVAL: WENDY HILLER AS THE MAID AND ERNEST THESIGER IN HIS ORIGINAL PART AS THE SPINELESS DAUPHIN.

## CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN: SAN SEBASTIAN—THE FAMOUS HOLIDAY RESORT!



PAVING-STONES TORN UP FROM THE STREETS IN SAN SEBASTIAN TO PROVIDE BARRICADES FOR THE GOVERNMENT FORCES IN THEIR STRUGGLE WITH THE REBELS: STREET FIGHTING IN A TOWN WHICH WAS FULL OF FOREIGN HOLIDAY-MAKERS.



A STREET BARRICADE OF STONES AND OVERTURNED CARTS AND LORRIES IN SAN SEBASTIAN: ROUGH DEFENSIVE WORKS THROWN UP BY THE GOVERNMENT FORCES TO GUARD AGAINST A REBEL ATTEMPT TO RECAPTURE THE TOWN



"URGEN REFUERZOS" (REINFORCEMENTS URGENTLY NEEDED) WRITTEN IN THE COURTYARD OF THE LOYOLA ARTILLERY BARRACKS, JUST OUTSIDE SAN SEBASTIAN: A DRAMATIC MESSAGE ADDRESSED TO AEROPLANES FLYING OVER BY THE OCCUPANTS OF A STRONGHOLD WHERE THE REBEL FORCES HELD OUT FOR EIGHT DAYS.



THE MARIA CRISTINA HOTEL, WHERE REBEL SOLDIERS HELD OUT FOR SOME TIME AND SHOT FORTY OF THEIR PRISONERS BEFORE SURRENDERING: A GENERAL VIEW OF A BUILDING ROUND WHICH THE STREET-FIGHTING CENTRED.



A LORRY CONVERTED INTO AN ARMoured CAR PATROLLING THE STREETS OF SAN SEBASTIAN—PLASTERED WITH THE SOCIALIST INITIALS "U.G.T." (UNION GENERAL DE TRABAJADORES) AND "U.H.P." (UNIDOS HERMANOS PROLETARIOS).

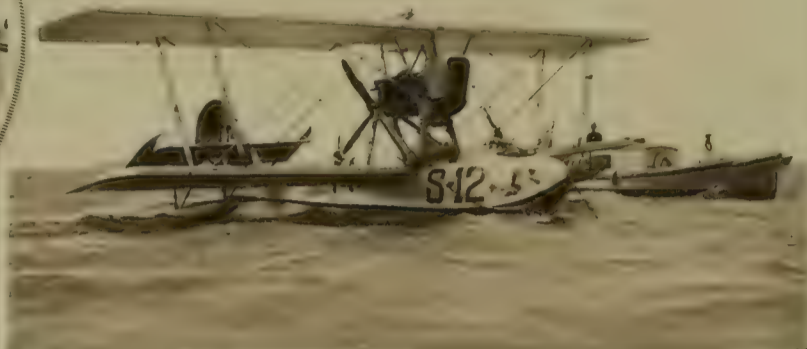
San Sebastian, the famous holiday resort on the north coast of Spain, near the French frontier, was the scene of fierce fighting during the first week of the civil war before the Government forces obtained full possession of the town. For a day or two there was street-fighting, paving-stones being torn up to provide barricades. Civilians, after looting gunsmiths' shops, joined in the attack on buildings—notably the Hotel Maria Cristina—where rebel troops held out. On July 23 the hotel, the last rebel stronghold inside the town, surrendered, but not before the officers holding

it had lined up and shot some forty of their prisoners. Rebels still held the Loyola artillery barracks, just outside San Sebastian, but it too fell on July 28. General Carrasco, who commanded the barracks, and about twenty of the superior officers of the garrison, were then executed by order of the chiefs of the Frente Popular. The life of the town was described as almost normal by August 9. San Sebastian is the usual station of the British Embassy during the summer. Sir Henry Chilton and his staff moved from there to Hendaye, in French territory, on August 1.

## CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN: AIR ACTIVITIES IN THE BATTLE ZONES.



A GOVERNMENT AEROPLANE BROUGHT DOWN NEAR SARAGOSSA WHILE ON A BOMBING EXPEDITION, AND DISPLAYED IN A PUBLIC SQUARE OF THE CITY TO AN ADMIRING CROWD: A REBEL TROPHY OF WAR.



DAMAGED BY MACHINE-GUN FIRE WHILE BOMBING ALGECIRAS: A SEA-PLANE FROM MALAGA WHICH LANDED AT GIBRALTAR AND WAS DETAINED THERE AFTER FAILING TO LEAVE WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.



ONE OF THE THREE ITALIAN AEROPLANES WHICH CRASHED ON THE WAY FROM SARDINIA TO SPANISH MOROCCO: THE WRECKAGE OF THE SAVOIA-MARCHETTI MACHINE AT SAIDIA, FRENCH MOROCCO, WHICH APPARENTLY RAN OUT OF PETROL, THREE OF THE FOUR OCCUPANTS BEING KILLED.



PREPARING A MACHINE FOR BOMBING PALMA, MAJORCA, WHICH WAS IN REBEL HANDS: ONE OF THE MANY RAIDS CARRIED OUT BY GOVERNMENT AEROPLANES FROM MAHON, MINORCA, UPON THE BIGGER ISLAND.



A GOVERNMENT AVIATOR HANDLING THE MACHINE-GUN OF HIS AEROPLANE FOR A RAID ON MAJORCA: ONE OF A FORCE WHICH WAS APPARENTLY SO SHORT OF AMMUNITION THAT ON ONE OCCASION STONES WERE DROPPED.

On this page we give a number of photographs which concern various air activities in the Spanish civil war. An incident which created much interest was the flight of five Italian machines from Sardinia on July 30. They were laden with war material and were bound for Spanish Morocco, where the rebels were supreme. Three of the machines made forced landings, apparently from lack of petrol. Of these one fell in the sea off Oran and was lost. A second landed safely in

French Moroccan territory; and a third (illustrated here) crashed with the loss of three lives. The incident rendered much more difficult the negotiations in Europe for universal neutrality in the Spanish war.—In the Balearic Islands, Majorca fell to the rebels, Minorca to the Government. Aeroplanes from Mahon daily raided the bigger island; and most of the foreigners in Palma were taken to Marseilles in H.M.S. "Repulse." [Drawings of this are given on other pages.]

## CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN: THE FIERCE FIGHT FOR THE ALCAZAR AT TOLEDO.



DAMAGE DONE BY BOMBARDMENT TO ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS AND HISTORIC CITIES OF SPAIN: RUINS OF BUILDINGS IN TOLEDO; WITH GOVERNMENT MILITIA, RIFLES AT THE READY, MARCHING UP ONE OF THE NARROW STREETS DURING THEIR SIEGE OF THE ALCAZAR.



GOVERNMENT VOLUNTEERS BEHIND A BARRICADE IN A TOLEDO STREET: THE ATTACK ON THE ALCAZAR, WHERE MILITARY CADETS, AIDED BY CIVILIANS OF FASCIST SYMPATHIES, HELD OUT FOR MANY DAYS AGAINST THE LOYALISTS, WHO INFLECTED GREAT DAMAGE ON THE STRONGHOLD WITH SHELLS AND BOMBS.

The Government claim, made as early as July 23, to have stamped out rebel resistance in Toledo was not substantiated by later news. On August 6 it was stated that the town was almost wholly occupied by Government forces, but that the Cadets, with a number of Civil Guards, still held out in the Alcazar. (This building, as we mentioned in our issue of August 1, has been used since 1882 as a Military Academy.) The message of August 6 added that

the rebels had some three hundred civilians with them in the Alcazar, including women and children. Shelling was reported to have ceased during the last few days, but the Zocodover Square, a picturesque feature of Toledo, was already in ruins, and the Alcazar had suffered severely under bombardment from the ground and from the air. The cathedral, however, was reported to be still unharmed. The Toledo munition factory is in Government hands.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

**N**OW that Greek antiquity has become more or less topical, through the Olympic Games and their historical associations, the moment seems appropriate to mention a large and sumptuously illustrated volume of archaeological scholarship, representing part of those early centuries during which the original Games took place, namely, "ARCHAIC MARBLE SCULPTURE FROM THE ACROPOLIS." A Photographic Catalogue by Humfry Payne, Director of the British School at Athens, and Gerald Mackworth Young, Student of the School. With Introduction by Humfry Payne, Frontispiece, and 140 Plates (Cresset Press; 30s.). Unfortunately, Mr. Payne, whom our readers will remember as a contributor to *The Illustrated London News*, died shortly after he had passed the final proofs of the present volume. A brief note pays tribute to his self-effacing modesty, and the high value of his research and aesthetic criticism. "While working on the book," we read, "Payne made several important discoveries and identifications, in describing which he seems purposely to suppress or belittle the merit of his own achievements." Several instances are then cited.

As to the general scope and purpose of the work, it is pointed out, there has long been needed a comprehensive and worthily illustrated catalogue of the early Greek sculptures in the Acropolis Museum at Athens, the most important collection of archaic statuary in the world. Some of the sculptures have never previously been published, while others have appeared only in scientific journals. The volume covers the period from the early sixth century B.C. to the dawn of the age of Pheidias (c. 490-432 B.C.). It is designed primarily for students of archaeology, and secondly to appeal to the wider circle of all those interested in the art of ancient Greece. The general reader with some classical knowledge, I should say (speaking as one in that category), will enjoy the introductory essays, but may regret the absence of descriptive titles under the photographs, or of cross-references from photograph to relevant page of introduction, and will find the list of plates and bibliography rather too rich in abbreviated references for ordinary taste, though extremely valuable, no doubt, to the expert.

There is at least one allusion in this book to ancient Greek athletics. It was only under pressure, we learn, that Mr. Payne mentioned his own part in the interesting identification which he describes as follows: "The horseman shown in plates 11A-C and 133, 3-4 is the most important of the remaining Early Attic statues. The head is the Rampin head in the Louvre, the body is No. 590 of the Acropolis Museum. Thinking that the two might belong together, I brought a cast of the neck of the Rampin head to Athens; . . . the two broken surfaces join exactly, and the connection of head and body is therefore certain. . . . The Rampin horseman is the earliest Greek statue of its kind. . . . The wreath shows that the statue must represent the victor in a horse-race; it appears that an oak-wreath was at some early period awarded at the Pythian Games, and the statue may therefore be that of a Pythian victor." The Pythian Games, held near Delphi in honour of Apollo, were next in importance to the Olympic Games among Greek national festivals.

It is to be hoped that the olive branch and the 30,000 "doves of peace" seen at the opening of the Olympic Games in Berlin were no mere empty symbols, but signs of a genuine desire for "peace on earth and goodwill among men." Herr Hitler's critics are fond of quoting belligerent passages from his autobiography, "Mein Kampf"; but it is some years since that work was published, and he may since, possibly, have modified his views. Even British statesmen, I believe, have been known occasionally to change their minds. It is even conceivable that Herr Hitler has become a pacifist, and if so, it would be a reassuring gesture if he publicly renounced any militaristic intent in a revised edition of his book. Some disturbingly warlike extracts from "Mein Kampf," which, in its present form, it is stated, has sold by the million in Germany, crop up frequently in "VITAL PEACE." A Study of Risks. By Henry Wickham Steed (Constable; 10s.).

This book, of course, is one that demands the close attention of statesmen and publicists, besides the general public, for the author writes from long and intimate knowledge of European affairs, acquired during journalistic experience in many capitals since he became Berlin correspondent of *The Times* forty years ago. He was Foreign Editor of that paper throughout the war, and afterwards for some years its Editor. As a representative of the Press he was prominent in Paris during the Peace Conference, of which he gives a critical survey. He also records his

later activities in America, showing how his conversations with President Coolidge led to the Kellogg Pact, and, elsewhere, his meeting at Milan, in 1918, with Signor Mussolini, before the rise of Fascism. Among his previous works, it may be recalled, were "Hitler: Whence and Whither?" and "The Meaning of Hitlerism."

Mr. Steed's new book stands out as the most helpful among the literature of its kind by its level-headed impartiality, appealing alike to pacifists and militarists. Most writers on the problems of war and peace are violently partisan on one side or the other, but he states the case for both, from ethical, political, and historical points of view, very fully and fairly, quoting authorities on each side in support. He traces German militarism (as expressed to-day in Ludendorff's book, "Total War"—a best-seller with Nazi approval) and the fanatical worship

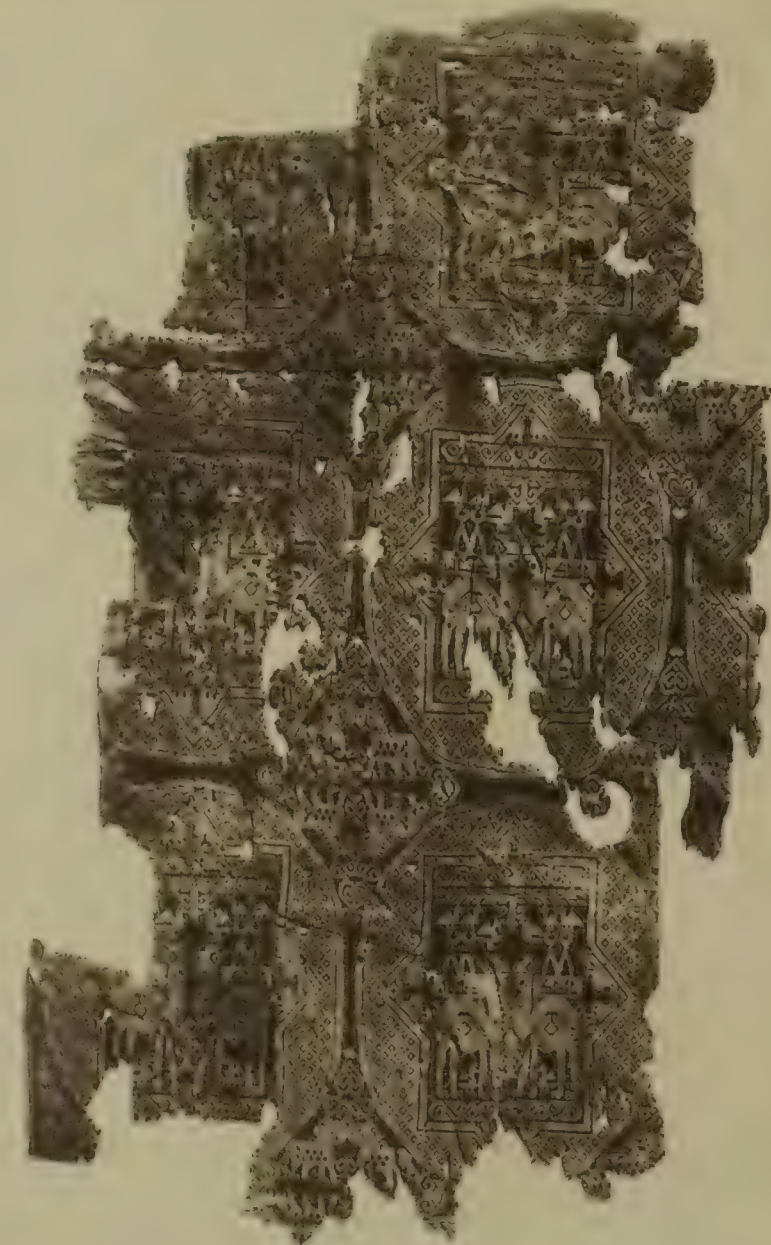
I rather feel that his concluding chapter on the "adventure of peace" might have been greatly amplified, with details of the "adventure" specified. I quite agree with him that "creative" peace will offer endless scope to youthful energy and enterprise, when the vast wealth now locked up in armaments is released for constructive world organisation and scientific discovery. Unfortunately the decision in the immediate problem of peace or war does not rest with "adventurous youth" (as represented in Mr. Steed's book by typical gatherings of English public school boys), except in so far as youth in the mass supports political innovators. The decision rests rather with a few dominant persons on the Continent in a position to control immense forces. The thing to do is to convince such people that they will attain still greater glory in their lifetime, and their names will shine with more splendour on history's page, as leaders in the campaign of constructive peace than as protagonists in the destruction of civilisation through war.

One branch of science—astronomy—that offers scope for peace-time endeavour is mentioned by Mr. Steed in his reference to the making of the new 200-inch telescope in California. Its progress, by the way, has often been illustrated in our pages. Another still more adventurous outlet for youthful energy is described and explained in a fascinating little book, based on certain broadcast lectures by the author, called "EXPLORING THE STRATOSPHERE." By Gerald Heard. Illustrated (Nelson; 3s. 6d.). After tracing the discovery of that stupendous and long-unguessed-at force known as cosmic radiation, the study of which lures daring scientists to scale the sky, the author declares that "the stratosphere leads to where things really happen." In his conclusion, he writes: "Here, then, to-day we leave the Stratonauts, and, even while we review their rapid triumph, still further explorers launch away to the front, the only front worthy of man, the cosmic adventurer. . . . To-day, the only frontier which has any reality—which is not a fatal return to savagery—is humanity's common frontier, the frontier of the upper air, the Stratosphere." Of kindred interest and equally fascinating in its vast aspirations, is "ROCKETS THROUGH SPACE": or, the Dawn of Interplanetary Travel. By P. E. Cleator. With Introduction by Prof. A. M. Low. Illustrated (George Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.).

It is towards the air, indeed, that the hopes and fears of humanity are now mainly directed, for it holds the prospect alike of boundless adventure and of appalling destruction. In every book on the problem of peace (Mr. Steed's among the rest), the threatened terror from the skies is a dominant factor. I cannot enlarge on it here, but I will briefly commend, in conclusion, some interesting books about aviation, military and civil. Two of our gallant airmen who survived the hourly perils of air-fighting on the western front in the war have recorded their memories in "SAGITTARIUS RISING." By Cecil Lewis (Peter Davies; 8s. 6d.), and "FIGHTER PILOT." By "M'Scotch." Illustrated (Routledge; 10s. 6d.). Both these books make wonderful reading. Mr. Lewis adds an account of his post-war flying in China. "M'Scotch" (presumably a nickname) spins his yarn round the figure of his friend, "Mick" Mannock, V.C., the most famous of British air aces, whose personality he vividly portrays.

Flight as a pastime claims two remarkable works by men who have taken to it late in life—"FROM HESTON TO THE HIGH ALPS." A Chat About Joy-Flying. By Douglas Fawcett. Illustrated (Macmillan; 6s.), and "GROWING WINGS." By Filson Young. With Foreword by Lord Londonderry (Michael Joseph; 6s.). Mr. Fawcett describes himself as "a robust mortal of sixty-eight." Mr. Filson Young, the well-known writer, confesses to fifty-eight when he began learning to fly. Their example, and their manifest delight in their new accomplishment, should be an inspiration to their juniors. Mr. Fawcett gives beautiful air photographs of Alpine scenery.

Very stimulating also, for air-minded readers, are the experiences of a noted pioneer in British gliding and light-aeroplane flying, told in "AIRDAYS." By John F. Leeming. Illustrated (Harrap; 7s. 6d.). Here we get interesting glimpses of many famous people in the world of aviation, especially the late Sir Sefton Brancker. One of the "high spots" in this book is the story of the author's landing on the summit of Helvellyn, and (still more risky) taking-off again from it, in company with his friend Hinkler. The sole witness of their feat happened to be a solitary climber, whose appointment to the chair of Greek at Oxford recently caused some commotion. C. E. B.

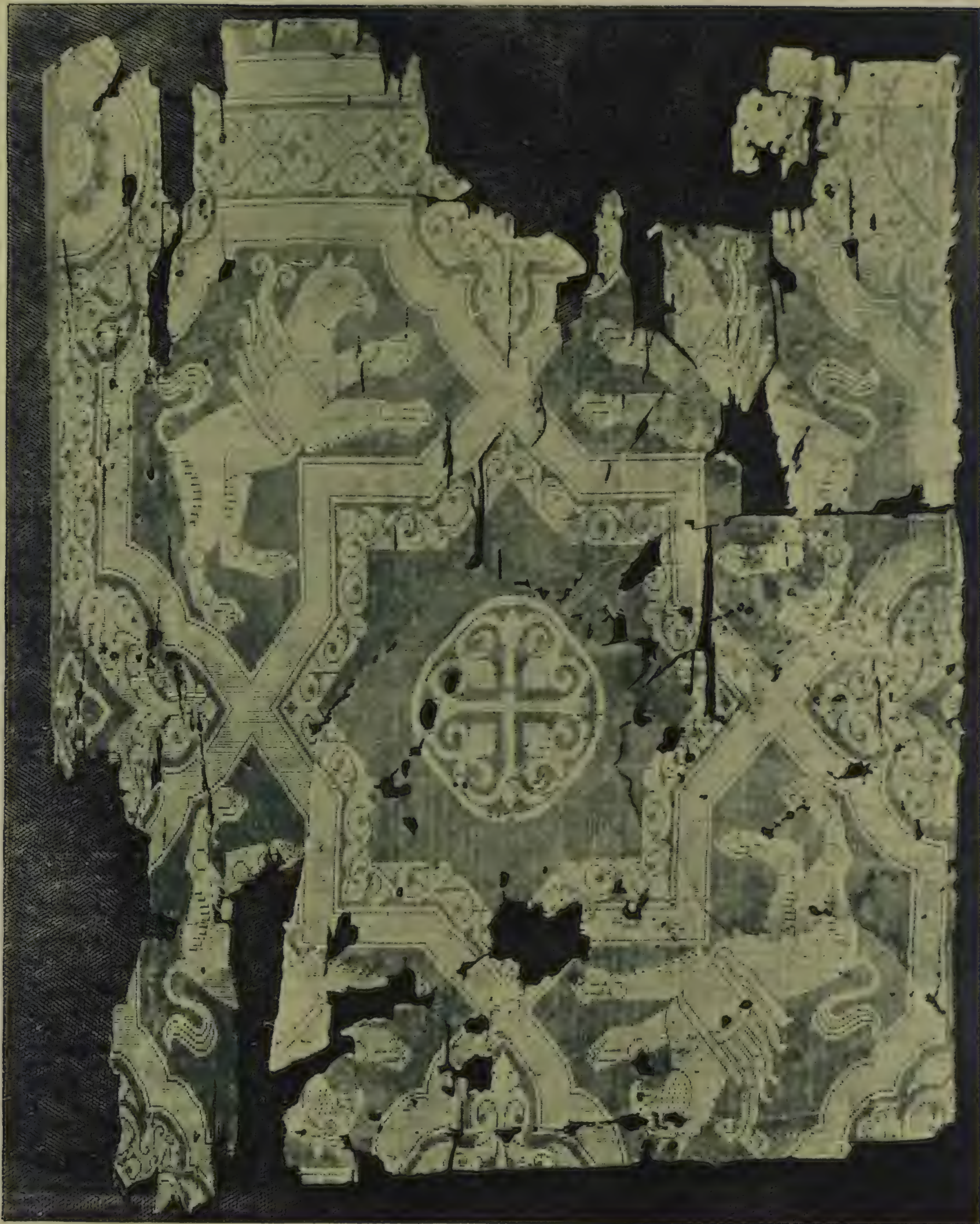


BY THE SAME SCHOOL OF ANTIOCH SILK-WEAVERS AS THE "BYZANTINE" EXAMPLE ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR OPPOSITE, BUT PURELY ISLAMIC IN ITS DESIGN: A SPECIMEN (78 CM. HIGH) OF TYPICAL ABBASID PATTERNS (CAMELS AND BIRDS) WITH KUFIC INSCRIPTIONS, BELONGING TO THE PERIOD WHEN ANTIOCH WAS UNDER ISLAM.

In the note on our coloured reproduction opposite, it is explained how the Antioch silk-weavers varied their designs to suit the tastes of successive rulers of the city—Byzantine, Islamic, and Latin (the Crusaders), and how the problem of origin presented by several recently discovered examples of mediæval weaving (including the above) has been solved by a study of Antioch's history, supplemented by technical analysis of the material. The coloured illustration shows a green fabric with a pattern of griffins, and a cross, in a style characteristic of early mediæval Byzantine textiles. In contrast, the above fragment is described as follows: "Dark blue and white silk cloth showing confronted camels flanking a tree surrounded by small birds. Each camel carries on his back a kind of two-gabled 'howdah,' a shrine, with a Kufic inscription across it and crescent finials. In the interspaces are two pairs of lions, feet to feet. Probably tenth-eleventh century."

From the Collection of Mme. Marguerite Paul-Mallon. Reproduced by Courtesy of the Owner.

of the State to their source in the "pestilent" philosophy of Hegel, which supplanted the more humane and tolerant ideas of Kant and Goethe. His own view might be summed up in Milton's famous dictum that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." Mr. Steed distinguishes between a mere, torpid condition of "non-war," which he calls "a fat, riskless existence," and an active, adventurous peace, which he defines as "constructive international helpfulness in a world beyond war." Such a peace, he thinks, will have its thrills and dangers that will appeal to the knightly spirit of youth, and bring into being a new chivalry. He does not label himself "pacifist," but asserts his faith in such peace as the ultimate goal



# MEDIAEVAL SILK WEAVING FROM ANTIOCH: "BYZANTINE" WORK OF A SCHOOL PREVIOUSLY ISLAMIC.

The recent discovery of a hitherto unknown type of silk fabrics, together with technical analyses and new historical research, has just solved a whole series of problems in the history of the mediæval textile art and has resulted in the re-evaluation of the rôle of Constantinople in at least this phase of the culture of the Byzantine Empire. From Persian and then from Egyptian graves have come, in the last few years, the remains of a very distinctive and strikingly handsome group of silks which can be attributed, both from the style and the condition of the Persian find, to the tenth and eleventh centuries. Owing to the peculiar weave these form an indivisible class, but while the bulk of them (preserved in the Textile Museum of the District of Columbia, the collection of M. Jean Pozzi, Paris, and that of Mme. Marguerite Paul-Mallon) are purely Islamic, with Arabic inscriptions in Kufic letters, the finest specimen of all (here reproduced), likewise in the possession of Mme. Mallon, is wholly and characteristically Byzantine, even to the inclusion in the design of a floriated cross. How could a school of weavers change their style so suddenly and completely? Why did they do so and whence came these accomplished but curious textiles? The history of Antioch solves the problem. When the Crusaders finally established the Latin Kingdom of the East, Antioch was their most important city (1098-1276), and chief among its values was its fame (and the fortune that went with it) as a centre of fine silk-weaving. The sumptuous products of her looms were a

major feature of the Crusaders' loot when they seized the city, and thereafter quantities of these beautiful fabrics were exported to Europe, where they appear in church inventories, especially the famous Antioch "diapers" or "*dyaspres*." But before the Latins came, Antioch had already served other masters, the Byzantine Basileus (966-1085), and before that Islamic overlords (638-966), and for each in turn the shuttles were plied according to the patrons' taste, so that the city's history is recorded in the fabrics it made, and these, in turn, can be identified by tracing through them the city's varying fortunes. This historical method, coupled with technical analyses and collation of contemporary documents, has solved this baffling textile mystery. For their Islamic masters the Antioch weavers made the typical Abbasid patterns with Kufic inscriptions. (See our "Books of the Day" page.) Forcibly incorporated into the Byzantine Empire in 966, they then adapted themselves to the Greek demands. A considerable number of silks in European church treasures can now be identified as fabrics exported to Europe during the Latin occupation, though hitherto erroneously credited to Sicily. An analysis of the techniques shows that these all represent phases in the development of the celebrated Antioch "*dyaspres*," while the solution of the whole problem will overturn the history of Byzantine silk-weaving, for henceforth to Antioch and not to Byzantium must be credited some of the finest "Byzantine" silks. The above specimen is 38 cm. in height.—[PHYLLIS ACKERMAN.]

# The Colour of Ancient Greece: Famous Relics of Classical Antiquity.



DESCRIPTIVE notes on these two subjects have been kindly supplied by the Rev. Canon W. A. Wigram, whose lectures on the Near East are familiar to travellers who have met him on Mediterranean cruises. "Epidauros," he writes, "as a leading sanctuary of Aesculapius, was a classical 'spa,' where invalids sought treatment and recreation. Little is left of the temples, clubs, and stadium, but the larger of its two theatres is almost intact. It is the most perfect specimen of a Greek, as distinct from a Græco-Roman, theatre extant, and its wonderful acoustics (a whisper is audible in every seat of the 12,000 in the auditorium) prove the classical mastery of a problem that baffles modern architects. The characteristic circular orchestra appears in the picture, with the very low stage to the left of it. The altar of Dionysus in the centre of the orchestra is seen at the feet of the figure [Canon Wigram lecturing]. To the right, in shadow, is the retaining wall of the auditorium."

THE MOST PERFECT SURVIVING SPECIMEN OF A PURELY GREEK THEATRE: THE LARGER OF TWO AT EPIDAUROS, CAPABLE OF HOLDING 12,000 PEOPLE, AND SO EXCELLENT IN ITS ACOUSTICS THAT EVEN A WHISPER CAN BE HEARD THROUGHOUT THE AUDITORIUM.

IN his explanatory note on the adjoining illustration, Canon W. A. Wigram writes: "The Porch of the Maidens is the architectural ornament of the southern side of the Temple known as the 'Erechtheum' on the Acropolis at Athens, but it is not an entrance to the Temple. It is the most famous and beautiful instance of the use of the human female figure as a pillar, but the practice was not uncommon in classical antiquity. Female figures so used were known as 'Caryatides'; male as 'Telamones.' One of the Caryatides here illustrated—the second from the left—was removed by Lord Elgin and is now in the British Museum. It was replaced by a cement cast, and the slight difference of colour appears in the photograph. In the foreground are the foundations of a Temple of Athena that preceded the present Parthenon, and (guarded by low rails) the bases of two columns belonging to a yet older palace of primitive kings of Athens."



A TOUCH OF LIVING COLOUR AMONG THE GREY MONUMENTS OF ANCIENT GREECE: A WOMAN AND A CHILD IN PICTURESQUE GREEK COSTUME BESIDE THE PORCH OF THE MAIDENS IN THE TEMPLE OF ERETHEUS ON THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS.

FINLAY COLOUR PROCESS.

# CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN: LOYALIST, REBEL, AND BRITISH NAVAL ACTIVITY.



REFUGEES LIVING AT GIBRALTAR IN THE BOATS IN WHICH THEY ESCAPED FROM VALENCIA AND OTHER COAST TOWNS OF EASTERN SPAIN: PEOPLE WHO WERE NOT ALLOWED TO LAND AT GIBRALTAR BECAUSE OF THE CONGESTION THERE.



SPANISH GOVERNMENT SUBMARINES TIED UP ALONGSIDE THEIR SUPPLY SHIP IN THE HARBOUR OF TANGIER, WHENCE THEY WERE ORDERED TO LEAVE: AN INTERNATIONAL ZONE NOW CLOSED TO WARSHIPS OF BOTH SIDES.



THE BATTLESHIP "JAIME I." SHELLING ALGECIRAS: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM GIBRALTAR, FIVE-AND-A-HALF MILES AWAY; SHOWING BRITISH SAILORS ABOARD THEIR SHIP WATCHING THE RUTHLESS BOMBARDMENT CARRIED OUT AT POINT-BLANK RANGE ON A TOWN WHICH WAS IN REBEL HANDS.



THE BURNING QUAYSIDE AT ALGECIRAS PHOTOGRAPHED AN HOUR AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT BY THE "JAIME I.": COMMERCIAL WHARVES IN FLAMES—AN EXAMPLE OF THE IMMENSE DAMAGE DONE TO PROPERTY.



RESCUE WORK BY THE BRITISH NAVY AT CORUNNA: AN ARMED REBEL MOTOR-BOAT CIRCLING ROUND THE DESTROYER "WHITSHED" AS SHE WAS TAKING REFUGEES ON BOARD TO LAND THEM IN PORTUGUESE TERRITORY.

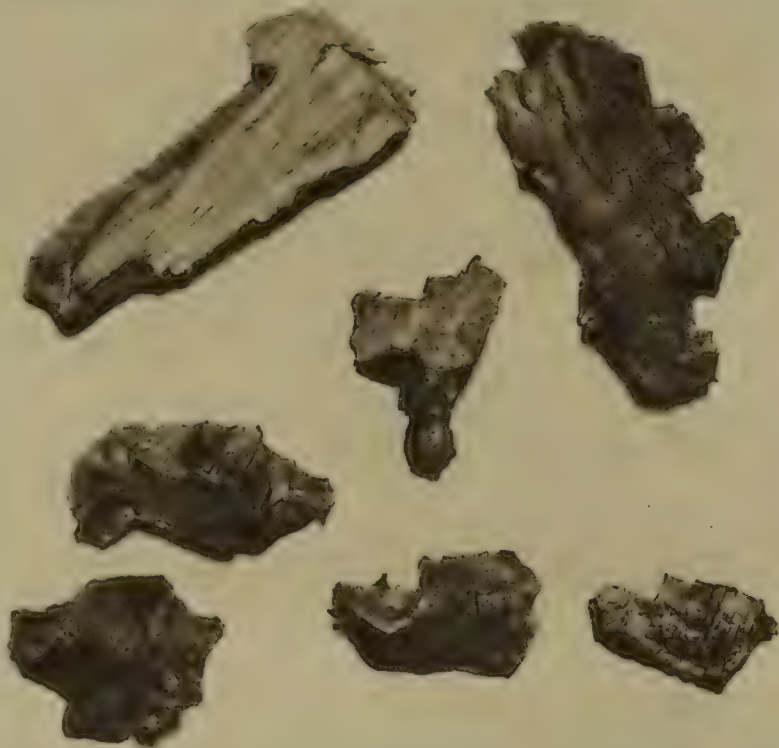
The presence of Spanish Government warships in Tangier harbour, an international zone, proved very embarrassing to the authorities; and on August 9 orders were given for them to leave. The order was obeyed. This deprived the Spanish Navy of a base from which their ships could emerge to patrol the Straits and hinder the passage of General Franco's Moroccan reinforcements to Spain. Malaga was then the only friendly port left to them in the neighbourhood.—A description of

the bombardment of Algeciras from the sea on August 7 is given on our front page. The "Jaime I.," whose 12-inch guns did most of the damage, is a battleship of some 16,000 tons. She was laid down in 1912, but was not completed till 1921, the delivery of materials from England being stopped by the war.—Corunna, in the north-west corner of Spain, fell early into rebel hands, as we mention on another page, where photographs are given of doings in the town.

## CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN: STRIKING INCIDENTS FROM THREE FIGHTING ZONES.



A SHELL-HOLE NEAR THE RACECOURSE AT GIBRALTAR: THE RESULT OF AN ENGAGEMENT IN THE STRAITS BETWEEN THE GOVERNMENT DESTROYER "ALCALA GALIANO" AND TWO LARGE REBEL AEROPLANES FROM CEUTA.



FRAGMENTS OF SHELL (ABOUT HALF NATURAL SIZE) PICKED UP ON THE NORTH FRONT AT GIBRALTAR AFTER STRAY SHOTS FIRED FROM A WARSHIP HAD LANDED THERE: A RISK FOR CRICKETERS AND POLO PLAYERS.



CIVIL WAR REARS ITS HEAD IN CORUNNA: WORKERS, AT THE FIRST NEWS OF THE INSURRECTION, SHOUTING FOR ARMS OUTSIDE THE CIVIL GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, SO THAT THEY MIGHT DEFEND THE REPUBLIC.



A SANDBAG PARAPET IN CORUNNA: PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENCE AGAINST THE ADVANCING REBELS BY THE CITY POLICE AND WORKERS—A PRELUDE TO HEAVY FIGHTING IN WHICH SOME TWO HUNDRED WERE KILLED.



THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" PICKING UP THE SPANISH MAIL BY CABLE ON THE FRANCO-SPANISH BORDER: A DELAY IN THE VOYAGE TO SOUTH AMERICA CAUSED BY THE LATENESS OF THE MAIL AEROPLANE.



ARMED WORKERS ON GUARD OVER THE ARTISTIC TREASURES OF MADRID: THE MUSEUM OF THE MEDINACELI PALACE OCCUPIED BY MILITIA TO PROTECT THE CONTENTS AGAINST LOOTERS.

On August 5 a transport conveying rebel troops from Ceuta to Algeciras under cover of a mist, escorted by a gunboat and an armed trawler, was met half-way across the Straits by a patrolling Government destroyer, the "Alcala Galiano." A regular naval engagement ensued, which was carried on regardless of the shipping in the Straits. The convoy eventually reached Algeciras in safety, the destroyer retiring north-eastwards towards Malaga followed by two large rebel bombing aeroplanes from Ceuta. She fired at these, and two of her shells fell near the Gibraltar racecourse, causing the hurried abandonment of cricket and polo matches

which were in progress close by.—Our two photographs in the middle show stirring events at Corunna, a corner of Spain whence little news of the rebellion has come. There the insurgents maintained the control which they established soon after civil war began, but not before fierce street-fighting had taken place in which, according to a correspondent, two hundred people were killed.—When the revolt in Madrid had been crushed, the trade unions took over many of the city's buildings, including palaces containing works of art. A decree was issued ordering that inventories of these should be compiled without delay.

## SOVIET RUSSIA'S SYMPATHY FOR SPAIN: A MOSCOW DEMONSTRATION IN FAVOUR OF THE FRENTE POPULAR.



A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION OF RUSSIA'S SYMPATHY FOR THE WORKERS OF SPAIN IN THEIR DEFENCE AGAINST THE FASCIST INSURRECTION: M. SHVERNIK ADDRESSING A MEETING IN THE RED SQUARE FROM THE LENIN MAUSOLEUM.



SOME OF THE 120,000 PEOPLE OF MOSCOW WHO MET IN THE RED SQUARE TO DEMONSTRATE THEIR SOLIDARITY WITH THE PEOPLE OF SPAIN: A CROWD CARRYING BANNERS INSCRIBED WITH ANTI-FASCIST SLOGANS.



"GREETINGS TO THE SPANISH PROLETARIAT, HEROICALLY FIGHTING AGAINST FASCISM": BANNERS ABOVE THE CROWD AS THEY LISTEN TO ONE OF THE SPEECHES AT THE MASS MEETING IN MOSCOW.



MASSED BENEATH A GIGANTIC PORTRAIT OF STALIN: THE CROWD ENTHUSIASTICALLY SIGNIFYING THEIR ASSENT TO AN ADDRESS OF SYMPATHY TO BE SENT TO THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT.



A CONTRIBUTION TO HELP THE SPANISH REPUBLICAN FORCES: BUKREYEV (LEFT), A PROMINENT MOSCOW TRADE UNION OFFICIAL, MAKING A COLLECTION AFTER THE MEETING—PART OF THE £479,000 COLLECTED IN THREE DAYS.

The sympathies of Soviet Russia are naturally with the Government and the workers of Spain in their war against the Fascist uprising. These sympathies were shown in a most practical way when, after a great meeting in the Red Square, Moscow, on August 3, a fund for the "Defence of the Spanish People" was instituted. On August 7, M. Shvernik, secretary of the Russian All-Union Council of Trade Unions, announced that the Gosbank was handing to the Spanish Government 36,435,000 French francs (£479,000), which was subscribed as the result of a three-day campaign for the fund. About 120,000 people had gathered in the

Red Square to listen to speeches on the Spanish crisis and to demonstrate their solidarity. The text of a telegram to Madrid, "hoping for the victory of the people's front which is certain if unity is preserved," was unanimously approved. The undisguised sympathies of the Russian people, however, did not prevent the Government of the U.S.S.R. from supporting the French proposals for non-intervention in Spain—proposals which have also the strong support of the British Government. On August 10, the French Chargé d'Affaires in Moscow was informed of the official Russian adhesion to the French text.

# CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN: STRANGE SCENES IN PALMA, THE CAPITAL OF MAJORCA, AFTER THE INSURGENTS HAD SEIZED POWER.

Drawings by BRYAN DE GRINEAU, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY MISS ELISABETH JOYCE, WHO WAS TAKEN OFF FROM PALMA IN H.M.S. "REFULSE."



1. AFTER SEVERAL AIR RAIDS ON PALMA BY GOVERNMENT MACHINES, PEOPLE BEGAN TO MOVE TO THE HILLS WITH THEIR BELONGINGS. 2. FOREIGN RESIDENTS DISPOSED OF THEIR VALUABLES; SOME BY BURYING THEM IN THEIR GARDENS AT NIGHT, AND OTHERS (3) BY HIDING A STRONG-BOX IN A CAVE. 4. A MORNING RAID OVER EL DORNE, PALMA'S PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARE. PEOPLE ARE RUNNING TO SHELTER, AND AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN IS FIRING FROM A ROOF. 5. EVERY CALLE WAS GUARDED BY SOLDIERS, AND, WHEN CASUALTIES OCCURRED, WAS DECLARED INCOMMUNICADO UNTIL THE RED CROSS HAD DONE ITS WORK. 6. DURING THE FIRST THREE RAIDS, PROPAGANDA LEAFLETS WERE DROPPED. ORDERS WERE GIVEN THAT THEY SHOULD BE TORN UP BY THE FINDERS AND SPAT UPON. 7. MANY ENGLISHMEN FOUND IT HARD TO REMEMBER THE RULE OF "NO HANDS IN POCKETS." THEY WERE REMINDED BY A VIOLENT JAB IN THE BACK. 8. ON BOARD H.M.S. "REFULSE," WHICH TOOK OFF 496 FOREIGN VISITORS, 296 OF THEM BRITISH. TWO BLANKETS WERE ISSUED PER PERSON. 9. AT 6.0 P.M. ON JULY 30, PEOPLE LEAVING ON THE "REFULSE" SAW A PROLONGED AIR RAID ON PALMA.

In Majorca the military authorities, hostile to the Spanish Government, seized power when the insurrection began; but in the neighbouring island of Minorca the Left gained control. Palma, the capital of Majorca, was daily subjected

to air raids. These vivid scenes were drawn from material supplied by a visitor to Palma, Miss Elisabeth Joyce, who is a descendant of the old Spanish family of Romero di Gusman. In common with 495 other foreign visitors

and residents, she was in Palma until taken to Marseilles on July 30 by H.M.S. "Refulse." She was an eye-witness of the scenes recorded here, and pays a special tribute to the kindness and helpfulness of the British sailors,

who always responded to thanks with the words: "That's what we're here for." Drawing No. 8 shows them issuing blankets to the refugees, many of whom were almost destitute. In the background is a band of the Royal Marines.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: NEWS OF THE WEEK FROM FAR AND NEAR IN PICTURES.



A PEACE FESTIVAL HELD NEAR PARIS: THE HUGE CROWD WHICH ASSEMBLED TO HEAR M. LÉON BLUM AND OTHER WELL-KNOWN SPEAKERS.  
A "fête de la paix" was held at St. Cloud on August 9. A succession of orators entertained the huge crowd with speeches from two until six in the afternoon. Among the speakers were M. Pierre Cot, Air Minister, Mr. Philip Baker, and Mr. Arthur Henderson, English representative. A speech of the late M. Aristide Briand was broadcast from a gramophone record. The speech of M. Léon Blum, the French Prime Minister, wound up the assembly.



AN AIR DISASTER NEAR CROYDON: THE WRECKAGE OF A MACHINE USED FOR EXPERIMENTAL PURPOSES, AND HAVING NO PASSENGERS OR FREIGHT ON BOARD.  
Four persons lost their lives when an Imperial Airways machine came down near Croydon Aerodrome and caught fire on August 10. The official statement issued by Imperial Airways stated that: "The aircraft, G-ABKY, was a twin-engine aircraft not used on the regular services of the company, but was engaged in flying for technical purposes only. Almost immediately after leaving Croydon it came down from cause at present unknown, and caught fire. It was not a passenger-carrying aircraft, and no mail or freight was on board." It is understood that the machine, a Velez, was, at the time of



MARTIAL LAW IN GREECE: STUDENTS OF ATHENS UNIVERSITY BURNING "MARXIST" LITERATURE AFTER THE ESTABLISHMENT OF GENERAL METAXAS' ANTI-COMMUNIST RÉGIME.  
A general strike was declared in Greece for August 5, and the Government, fearing that Communists might take advantage of it to start a revolution, declared riot-making martial law and dissolving the Chamber. Those decrees were signed by the King. These decrees to have been little resistance to them, and the general strike petered out. There were minor clashes at the Piræus and at Salonika. Every street in Athens was closed to have been picketed, and all public buildings



ONE OF THE DESTROYERS ESCORTING THE KING IN THE "NAHLIN": H.M.S. "GRAFTON," AN UP-TO-DATE WARSHIP COMPLETED THIS YEAR.  
King Edward embarked at Salsburg, for his holiday cruise, on August 10. The yacht "Nahlin" is being escorted by the destroyers "Grafton" and "Glowworm" during the cruise. These warships are two of the last of their class to be completed, and form part of the 20th Flotilla of the Mediterranean Fleet. They were both built by Thornycroft. The "Grafton" is commanded by Commander C. L. Firth, and the "Glowworm" by Lieut-Commander R. F. Jessel.



MILITARY ACTION IN ATHENS WHEN GENERAL METAXAS FORMED HIS NEW GOVERNMENT: TROOPS ARRIVING BY LORRY TO OCCUPY A PUBLIC BUILDING.  
was engaged in flying for technical purposes only. Almost immediately after leaving Croydon it came down from cause at present unknown, and caught fire. It was not a passenger-carrying aircraft, and no mail or freight was on board." It is understood that the machine, a Velez, was, at the time of  
occupied by troops. On August 5, the police took severe action against members of labour organizations and socialists. Hundreds of arrests were made, including the members of trades-union committees. Among those subjected to confinement was Professor Alexander Sforas, of the University of Athens. The new régime, which is widely considered to be a dictatorship, differs from those in the past in being neither Venizelist nor anti-Venizelist, but rather of a Fascist character.



THE DISASTER AT WHARFEDALE COLLIERY NEAR BARNSELY: THE REV. N. KING, VICAR OF CARLTON, PRAYING WITH WATCHERS AT THE PIT-HEAD.  
Fifty-seven men lost their lives as the result of an explosion in a pit belonging to the Wharfedale Wood-moor Co. four miles north of Barnsley, on August 7. Ten rescue teams were engaged, but they only succeeded in bringing up one man alive. This is the worst colliery explosion in this country since the disaster at Crestford, North Wales, in 1934. The cause of the explosion is not yet known with certainty. A message of sympathy was sent by H.M. the King.



WHICH STRUCK A HOUSE DURING THE NIGHT AND BURST INTO FLAMES.  
the accident, engaged on an experimental flight for the purpose of testing various apparatus (night-flying equipment, etc.). It struck a house in South View Gardens, and then another in Hillside Gardens, finally hurtling into a garden and bursting into flames.



AN OBELISK ON THE PRIME MERIDIAN OF GREENWICH: THE MEMORIAL TO THE LATE KING GEORGE UNVEILED AT PEACEHAVEN, SUSSEX.  
An obelisk commemorating King George was unveiled at Peacehaven, Sussex, on August 8. It stands on the prime meridian line of Greenwich, as adopted by international agreement in 1884. It is said to be the only one of its kind in the country. The memorial consists of a obelisk with a bronze rod pointing to the North Star. At twelve noon, Greenwich time, each day, the rod will cast a shadow on the promenade. It was unveiled by Mr. C. W. Neville, founder of Peacehaven.



THE DISASTROUS FIRE AT RYE HOUSE CASTLE, WHERE THE FAMOUS PLOT AGAINST THE LIFE OF CHARLES II. WAS HATCHED: DAMAGE TO THE FAMOUS "CONSPIRATORS' ROOM." Valuable historical relics were destroyed by a fire at Rye House on August 5. Rye House, situated near Hoxendon, Hert., was the scene of the famous Rye House Plot on the life of King Charles II. in 1683. The right wing of the castle, including "Queen Elizabeth's Bedroom," was damaged. The Florentine bedstead of Queen Elizabeth was involved. The main room of the castle, known as the "Conspirators' Room," was saved. Subsequently two men were charged with setting fire to the house.



THE FIRE AT RYE HOUSE CASTLE: THE WRECKAGE OF "QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM," WHERE MANY VALUABLE RELICS WERE BADLY DAMAGED.

## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



DR. H. COSTLEY-WHITE.

Appointed to the canonry of Westminster vacant through the death of Canon Percy Dearmer. Became Headmaster of Westminster School, 1919. Assistant Master at Sherborne and at Rugby. Headmaster, Bradfield. Principal, Liverpool College until he went to Westminster.



LIEUT.-COL. A. E. F. FAWCUS, D.S.O., M.C.

Killed in an aeroplane crash at Pagham, August 10. Had a distinguished war career, serving in East Africa, Egypt, Gallipoli (winning the M.C. at Cape Helles), and going to France in 1916. Won the D.S.O., 1918, for his command of a battalion of the 1/5th North Staffordshire Regiment.



SIR THOMAS GARDINER, THE NEW DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE POST OFFICE.

Sir Thomas Gardiner, Deputy Director-General of the Post Office, was appointed Director-General in succession to Sir Donald Banks, who, as noted under his portrait on this page, becomes Permanent Secretary to the Air Ministry. Sir Thomas has been Assistant Controller, Vice-Controller, and Controller (1926) of the London Postal Service.



THE LUCKY ESCAPE OF THE BRITISH VICE-CONSUL AT ALGECIRAS: MR. AND MRS. BECKINGSALE IN FRONT OF THE CONSULATE, WHICH WAS WRECKED BY SHELL-FIRE.

The Spanish Government warship "Jaime I," bombarded Algeciras on August 7. We illustrate on our front page damage done to the British Consulate by a direct hit from her guns. Mrs. Beckingsale, wife of the vice-consul, was slightly wounded. Mr. and Mrs. Beckingsale escaped injury in a further bombardment.



CAPTAIN RUPERT SAYILE, A BRITISH SUBJECT, KILLED IN THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR; WITH HIS WIFE.

Captain Rupert Savile, a British subject, was killed in his yacht "Blue Shadow," off Gijon, on August 9, by a shell from the Spanish insurgent cruiser "Almirante Cervera." His wife was injured. A vigorous protest was made to the insurgent authorities. Both the insurgents and the loyalist authorities tendered deep apologies for this unhappy mischance.

## PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MRS. CHALMERS WATSON.

We publish here the only available photograph of Mrs. Chalmers Watson, the Scottish pioneer in medicine, who died recently. She was the first woman graduate in medicine at Edinburgh University. She did much work in the war, organising women's auxiliary corps.



HERR JOACHIM VON RIBBENTROP.

Appointed German Ambassador in London, in succession to Herr von Hoesch, who died in April. Previously Herr Hitler's "Ambassador at Large." Visited London as head of German Naval Delegation, 1935; and, again, to present Germany's case at the Council of the League, last March.



COLONEL SIR DONALD BANKS, THE NEW PERMANENT SECRETARY TO THE AIR MINISTRY.

Colonel Sir Donald Banks was appointed Permanent Secretary to the Air Ministry in succession to Sir Christopher Bullock. Sir Christopher was dismissed the Civil Service as the result of a Board of Enquiry into certain conversations he had had with the chairman of Imperial Airways. Sir Donald Banks was previously Director-General of the Post Office.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S VISIT TO QUEBEC: LORD TWEEDSMUIR (LEFT) WITH HIS GUEST; MR. JAMES ROOSEVELT (CENTRE); AND MR. MACKENZIE KING.

President Roosevelt visited Quebec on July 31, as the guest of Lord Tweedsmuir, the Governor-General. For the first time the "Stars and Stripes" was unfurled from the Citadel. He was welcomed by Lord Tweedsmuir, Mr. Mackenzie King, and by Quebec dignitaries. He was accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt and their son, James. Mr. Roosevelt made a speech, addressing his hearers as "My friends and neighbours of Canada."



THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON'S VISIT TO BRITISH COLUMBIA: SIR PERCY VINCENT (SEATED, CENTRE) WITH MEMBERS OF THE OFFICIAL PARTY.

The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Percy Vincent, sailed from England on August 8, on his official visit to British Columbia, where he will attend the Vancouver Jubilee celebrations. Members of the Lord Mayor's party seen here are: (l. to r., back) Major A. F. Wood, Commander J. R. Poland, R.N., Mr. W. T. Boston, Mr. Cyril Gamon; and (front) Lieut.-Col. J. D. Laurie, Sir Vansittart Bowater, the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, Colonel W. J. Waldron, and Mr. F. Rowland.

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## THE ART OF THE "WOLVES OF THE SEA."

MASTERPIECES OF THE ONCE FEROCIOUS HAIDA INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA EXHIBITED AT VANCOUVER, WHICH THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON IS VISITING FOR ITS JUBILEE.

By PROFESSOR CHARLES HILL-TOUT, F.R.S.C.

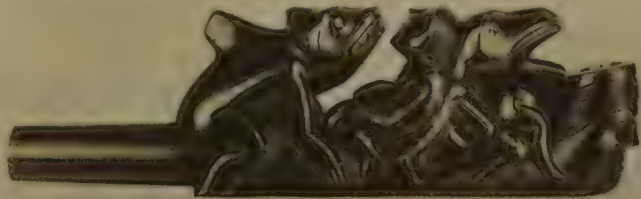
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The work of the Indians of the North-West Coast of America is coming to be regarded as some of the finest primitive art in the world. The Haidas who inhabited the Queen Charlotte Islands were formerly a ferocious tribe, known as the "Wolves of the Sea" in the old pioneering days. The masterpieces of their art seen on this page and on following pages are exhibited at the Vancouver Museum, a circumstance which lends them a particular interest in view of the Jubilee of the City of Vancouver. The celebrations of the Jubilee have extended over some months, being combined, in July, with ceremonies commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the first Canadian Pacific Transcontinental Train. The Lord Mayor of London sailed from England on Aug. 8 in order to attend a "Lord Mayor's" show at Vancouver—the first time a Lord Mayor has ever paid a "State visit" to one of the Dominions.

THOSE who are familiar with the artistry of the North Coast Indians of British Columbia know that carving in both wood and stone reached a very high degree of excellence among the Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands. It is generally conceded that they were the most artistic of all our native races, and the first to carve and erect totem-poles. For their work in stone

of primitive art everywhere.

Some of the finest and most unique specimens of Chief Edensaw's work in stone are here reproduced. Of these objects of art, the casket, illustrated on a succeeding page, easily stands first. The Chief himself regarded this carving as his masterpiece, and certainly no finer example of his skill and artistry



THE WORK OF A FAMOUS HAIDA MASTER: CEREMONIAL PIPES CARVED FROM ARGILLACEOUS SLATE BY CHIEF EDENSAW, CONSIDERED BY MANY TO HAVE BEEN THE FOREMOST NATIVE ARTIST OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

is known to us to-day. The next best example of Edensaw's artistry known to us to-day is the canoe, which is also illustrated on a succeeding page. This carving depicts a wedding party returning home from the marriage feast, and commemorates the legendary story of the marriage of a chief's daughter to a bear-man.

The other objects speak for themselves. The hats are typical examples of the weaving art of the Haida women. The designs upon them have a totemic significance. These hats are so beautifully woven that water can be carried in them—without leaking. The fine little woven disks piled one on the other in the centre of the photograph of the hats are more interesting than their appearance would suggest. They are symbols of honour, and may be worn only on the hats of men who have won distinction in some way. In the carving of the canoe, two of the figures are seen wearing four of these disks; this indicates that they are men of high distinction.

The three human figures, the child's cradle, the shamans' rattles, and the treasure-chest are typical examples of Haida wood-carving. In pre-trading days every chief and nobleman possessed a number of these treasure-chests. They were commonly used for storing away the family ceremonial costumes. They were skilfully constructed from cedar.

The body of the chest was formed of a single board, so cut on the inner face, where three of the corners

would be, that it could be bent into a regular rectangular shape without breaking or cracking. The fourth corner was formed by the meeting of the two ends of the board, which were always nicely mitred so as to fit snugly and evenly together. These ends were then fastened by stitching from the inside.

The bottom, which was hollowed out of one piece of wood in the shape of a shallow tray, was put in from the inside of the trunk, its shallow sides fitting close to the sides of the chest, to which they were sewn from the inside in such a manner as to leave the stitches invisible from the outside. The lid or cover was similarly constructed, only in this case its shallow sides overlapped the edges of the trunk.

Also illustrated is a fine example of the now rare and much-coveted "Chilkat blanket." These are no longer made by the Indians. They were used only on ceremonial occasions by the chiefs and nobles. The highly conventionalised designs upon them always had a totemic significance. The shamans', or "medicine-men's," rattles are rare specimens of their kind, and, like the blankets, were used only on ceremonial occasions. They are said to have been carved and used before the coming of the fur-traders, but this can hardly be, since the fineness of the work suggests the use of steel tools in their manufacture.

The two model houses here reproduced are good examples of the old-time Haida dwellings as seen from the outside. They were always gabled, and in this respect differed considerably from the long communal dwellings of the Salish tribes, which were built on the single-slope style with almost flat roofs. In



SPOONS CARVED FROM MOUNTAIN GOAT'S HORN WITH TOTEMIC DESIGNS: WORKS OF ART ON WHICH THE HAIDA CRAFTSMEN BESTOWED GREAT PAINS, ACHIEVING THE HAPPIEST RESULTS.

they commonly made use of a black argillaceous slate, which, when newly quarried, is almost as soft in texture as soapstone, thus lending itself readily to the carver's tools. After exposure to the air it becomes quite hard and brittle and takes on the appearance of black marble, and is capable of a high and very smooth polish. From this kind of stone the Haida Indians carved many beautiful objects, such as ceremonial platters and bowls, caskets, ceremonial pipes, miniature totem-poles, and animal effigies, all characterised by their own quaint and indigenous technique.

Of all the native artists of British Columbia known



THE PAINTED FAÇADE OF A HAIDA INDIAN HOUSE: A HUGE DESIGN OF TOTEMIC EMBLEMS, CHARACTERISTICALLY SYMMETRICAL; THE ENTRY MADE IN THE CENTRE OF A HUMAN FIGURE WITH UPRaised HANDS.



THE WIFE OF A CHIEF OF THE HAIDA INDIANS OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS, BRITISH COLUMBIA: A FINE EXAMPLE OF NATIVE WOOD-CARVING PRESERVED IN THE MUSEUM AT VANCOUVER, A CITY WHICH THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON IS VISITING FOR ITS JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS.

It will be observed that this woman is wearing a lip ornament, or labret. A stone labret is also shown beside the statuette. Among the northern tribes (the Haida of the Queen Charlotte Islands, and the Tsimshian and Tlingit on the mainland) it was the custom for women to slit their lips and insert a wooden plug. This was often increased in size until there was room for a labret that might measure as much as three by four inches. This held the woman's lip in a horizontal position; otherwise, it drooped down to her chin.

pre-trading days the timbers and boards used in their structure were split from cedar trees.

In conclusion, it may be noted that all the objects illustrated, with the exception of the casket, are now in the keeping of the City Museum at Vancouver, British Columbia.

# THE FINE ART OF THE PIRATICAL "WOLVES OF THE SEA"

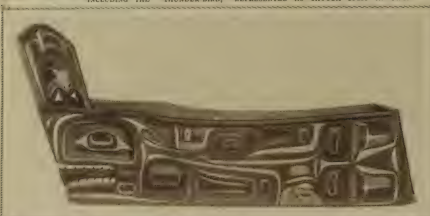
PHOTOGRAPHS OF OBJECTS IN THE VANCOUVER MUSEUM (WITH THE EXCEPTION



TRADITIONAL TYPES OF HOUSES OF THE HAIDAS OF THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS (BRITISH COLUMBIA); MODELS SHOWING THE FRONT DISPLAY OF PAINTED AND CARVED TOTEMIC EMBLEMS ON THE FAÇADES; INCLUDING THE "THUNDER-BIRD," REPRESENTED AS THOUGH SPLIT IN TWO.



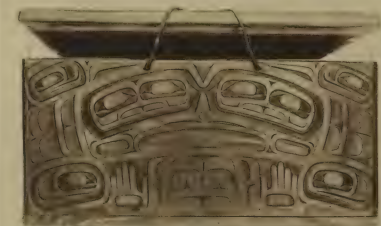
CARVED WATTLE USED BY SHAMANS, OR HAGEIANS, OF THE RAVEN CLAN OF THE HAIDAS; INSTRUMENTS WITH DECORATIVE TAIL OF WEIRD SYMBOLISM, SHAKEN BY THE SHAMAN IN HIS CEREMONIAL DANCES.



A CARVED AND PAINTED HAIDA CRADLE—LEFT, AN OUTSIDE VIEW, SHOWING NOW THEIR ART LOST NONE OF ITS SEVERITY AND FORMALISM IN THE NURSERY; RIGHT, THE INTERIOR, WITH FEROCIOUS GUARDIAN SPIRITS AT HEAD AND FEET.



A CHILKAT BLANKET WITH A SYMMETRICAL, CONVENTIONALISED DESIGN IN COLOURS COMPOSED OF TOTEMIC EMBLEMS; WOVEN BY WOMEN, THOUGH THE PATTERN HAD ALWAYS TO BE DRAWN BY MEN AND USED ON CEREMONIAL OCCASIONS.



A TSHAGWA CHEST CARVED WITH A SCENE OF THE OWNER'S TOTEM; THE SIDES MADE FROM A SINGLE LEAFY BOARD BY AN INGENUOUS PROCESS OF BENDING; AND STITCHED TOGETHER ON THE INSIDE.

We illustrate here some of the examples of the art of the Haida Indians of the Queen Charlotte Islands described in the article on the preceding page; together with blankets of the Chilkat and Salish types. The casket, to which four illustrations on the right are devoted, was carved by a famous



SALISH BLANKETS CONTRASTING STRONGLY WITH THE ELABORATELY PATTERNED CHILKAT TYPE; THE PRODUCTS OF A SOUTHERN TRIBE; OFTEN MADE FROM THE WHITE, WOOLLY, HAIR OF A SPECIALLY BRED TYPE OF DOG.



HAIDA WATERPROOF HATS, WOVEN BY THE WOMEN WITH TOTEMIC DESIGNS; AND (CENTRAL) WOVEN RINGS WORN ON THE HAT AS MARKS OF HONOUR—AS SHOWN IN THE CARVINGS ILLUSTRATED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

Haida master, the late Chief Edensaw. He regarded it as his supreme work, and it is now unique. On the front appears the slightly conventionalised head of a mountain lion, or cougar; while on the reverse are the hind-quarters and the tail of the same beast. At each end the head of a wolf

# —WITH MASTERPIECES BY A HAIDA BENVENUTO CELLINI.

OF THE CASSETT). COPYRIGHTS RESERVED. (SEE ARTICLE ON THE PRECEDING PAGE.)



THE STYLISED, BUT FORCIBLE, CARVING OF THE HAIDA INDIANS OF THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS: FRONT AND SIDE VIEWS OF A CEREMONIAL BOWL OF TURTLE DESIGN; CHARACTERISTIC OF THE STYLE OF THIS FORMERLY FEROCIOUS PEOPLE, WHICH WAS MORE SEVERE AND LESS REALISTIC THAN THE ART OF THE MORE SOUTHERLY TRIBES.



A UNIQUE WHEELED CASSETT CARVED BY CHIEF EDENSAW, A BENVENUTO CELLINI AMONG HAIDA SCULPTORS; SHOWING ONE OF THE WOLF'S HEAD HANDLES AND OTHER CARVINGS (ABOVE, LEFT); THE LID WITH A DESIGN OF "THUNDER-BIRD," SCALPED HEADS, AND TOADS (ABOVE, RIGHT); AND (BELOW) THE FRONT AND BACK WITH THE HEAD AND HINDQUARTERS OF A COUGAR IN HIGH RELIEF. (Dimensions: length 30 in.; width 8 in.; depth 5 in.)



A WEDDING PARTY IN A CANOE: ONE OF THE FINEST OF CHIEF EDENSAW'S CARVINGS, COMMEMORATING THE LEGENDARY MARRIAGE OF A CHIEF'S DAUGHTER TO A BEAR-MAN; THE CENTRAL FIGURES WEARING THE HONOURABLE DISCS ON THEIR HATS WHICH ARE ILLUSTRATED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE. (ANILLITE; c. 1900.)

is seen, holding a fish in its mouth, the two wolves' heads forming knobs by which to lift the casket. In the centre of the lid there is a sunken oval enclosing a conventionalised creature resembling a sea-serpent. Above this figure hovers an eagle with outspread wings. This is obviously the

"Thunder-bird." It is pecking out the eyes of the creature below it. At two of the corners of the lid are scalped human heads; on the others squatting toads are carved. The casket rests on four small wheels, the axes being made of bone. Chief Edensaw made his tools from iron barrel-hoops,

# GUARDI'S VENETIAN VIVACITY: FINE EXAMPLES ON LOAN IN LONDON.

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"THE GRAND CANAL," BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-1793): A PAINTING IN THE GULBENKIAN COLLECTION, LENT TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY, AND DESCRIBED BY THE DIRECTOR AS BEING AMONG HIS "MOST BEAUTIFUL WORKS" AND FAR EXCELLING ANYTHING FROM GUARDI'S HAND ALREADY THERE.



"THE PIAZZA OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE," BY FRANCESCO GUARDI: THE OTHER NATIONAL GALLERY LOAN EXAMPLE OF THAT ARTIST, WHO EXCELLED HIS MASTER, CANALETTO, IN ADDING THE HUMAN INTEREST OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY GAIETY TO ARCHITECTURAL SCENES.

The collection of Mr. C. S. Gulbenkian, now on view to the public at the National Gallery, was the subject of an article in our issue of Aug. 1. At the time that article was written certain pictures had not yet reached London, among them the magnificent pair of Venetian scenes illustrated above. Francesco Guardi was born at Venice in 1712 and died there in 1793. He

was a pupil of Canaletto and is easily distinguished from his master by his power of giving even to architectural subjects a sparkling vivacity which expresses to perfection the gaiety of eighteenth-century modes and manners as understood at the head of the Adriatic. These two views are by no means the least attractive part of a remarkable collection.



THE GAINSBOROUGH WHICH THE DIRECTOR CONSIDERS THE "SUPREME EXAMPLE" OF ITS KIND :  
 "MRS. LOWNDES-STONE," BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1788), NOW ON LOAN IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

This portrait is among the famous paintings by Old Masters in Mr. Gulbenkian's collection, which (as noted in our issue of August 1) was recently placed in the National Gallery on loan for twelve months. In reference thereto the Director of the National Gallery writes (in a letter to "The Times"): "For years it has been a constant reproach to this

gallery that our greatest English portrait-painter has not been represented by his most characteristic work, a full-length portrait of a woman." Mr. Kenneth Clark goes on to describe Gainsborough's portrait of Mrs. Lowndes-Stone as "the supreme example in this kind."—[REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.] (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

# CLEANSED OF A COATING OF BLACK DUST: ST. FAITH'S CHAPEL CORBELS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. P. HOWGRAVE-GRAHAM, M.I.E.E., F.S.A.



EIGHT OF THE TWELVE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY HEADS ACTING AS CORBELS TO THE SPRINGERS OF THE STONE VAULT OF ST. FAITH'S CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY: REMARKABLE WORK NOW TO BE SEEN TO GREAT ADVANTAGE.

The recent cleaning of St. Faith's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, has revealed to great advantage details of carving hitherto largely obscured. In particular, there has emerged from a coating of black dust a series of human heads acting as corbels to the springers of the stone vault. Sir Charles Peers, writing of them in "The Times," said: "Two hands at least, and probably three, can be recognised. Not one of the three falls below the high standard which is natural to this royal church, and they belong to the first period of Henry III.'s rebuilding, that is to say, 1245 to 1260. There are three heads of women and nine of

men. . . . Those on the south, a male head at the east and west angles, and a woman's between them, are accomplished and unforced, the woman's head with wavy hair framing the face from brow to neck being of a charming suavity [top right illustration]: but those on the north are forceful and sharply modelled, with jutting brows and deeply marked features." One of these (shown in the centre and lower centre illustrations) has a "broad flattened nose, tightly curled hair, and full satyroid lips, and is African rather than European. He is silent and observant, an alien in the company, grimly surveying the scene."

# This England . . .



*Near Reigate, Surrey.*

THE FOODS and drinks of any country are not invented—they evolve. The best, most characteristic of them spring from the soil of that country, attuned to the climate and the bodily needs of its people. In this way beer is “the wine of the country” in this England, and Worthington perhaps its finest “vintage.” From our own rich earth it comes, brought slowly to maturity as the seasons to their ripeness, clear and sharp as a morning in March, tonic . . . this Worthington.

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

## THREE ENGLISH ROYAL PORTRAITS?

By FRANK DAVIS.

of the Virgin's robe, the uplifted arm of the upper figure, and by the general disposition of dresses and gestures; while the towers of the building in the right top corner lead the eye upwards to heaven. Whoever

members of Richard's own family. Richard II. reigned from 1377 to 1399. He was born in 1366, the son of Edward the Black Prince by his wife Joan of Kent (the Fair Maid of Kent). The Black Prince died in 1376; his father, Edward III. (born in 1312), came to the throne in 1327 and died in 1377, a year after his son.

As far as I can discover, the only portrait of the Black Prince in existence is his effigy in Canterbury Cathedral, in which he appears in armour, the lower part of his face covered by chain mail—not a very satisfactory comparison for my present purpose.

What of Edward III.? Here is the effigy (Fig. 3) from his tomb at Westminster Abbey, with long hair and long beard. Its most striking feature is the long, straight nose, and a similar nose is to be seen on the elder king in the foreground of the Nativity picture, who is also bearded and long-haired.

As regards the date of the panel, its style alone, irrespective of any other consideration, places it about the last twenty-five years of the fourteenth century, and if the central figure of the three Magi is indeed a portrait of the young Richard, it would seem to show him as a boy of sixteen or seventeen, and therefore to have been painted about the year 1382, seven years after his grandfather's death, and eight years after that of his father. It seems a very natural thing for the painter, commissioned to provide a Nativity, either as part of a triptych or as a panel in a chancel screen, to draw the three Magi of the sacred story in the likeness of three well-loved figures of the royal house, one of whom was on the throne, and the other two only recently dead. Those who saw the picture at the time would not have the slightest difficulty in identifying them.

I must admit that I find the evidence, such as it is, wholly convincing; but, as I know how opinions can differ on questions of portrait identification, perhaps readers of this page who find themselves unable to agree with this view will be good enough to write and give their reasons.

I should add that the panel, which is of oak, measures 51½ by 21½ in., and I am informed it appeared in a London auction-room recently as Italian School. It is now in private ownership, and was bought for a few pounds. I regret I am unable to assert that the building in the background is the Tower of London—that would be an outrageous assumption having no basis in sober fact.



FIG. 1. HERE CLAIMED AS AN ENGLISH WORK OF ABOUT 1382; THE THREE MAGI, BEING PORTRAITS OF EDWARD III. (FOREGROUND), HIS SON, THE BLACK PRINCE (BACKGROUND), AND THE LATTER'S SON, RICHARD II.: A NATIVITY PANEL (51½ BY 21½ IN.) RECENTLY ATTRIBUTED, IN LONDON, TO THE "ITALIAN SCHOOL."

Evidence that the eldest of the three Magi represents Edward III., and the youngest (standing next to him) Richard II., is afforded by comparing the known portraits of those kings shown in Figs. 3 and 2, respectively. Of the Black Prince, no satisfactory portrait is available for comparison.

painted this picture had something to say, and a very pretty notion of how to say it. I hazard the guess that he thought in terms of stained-glass windows, rather than of painting in the usual sense of the word.

Now, when a man sets out to paint a picture of the visit of the three Wise Men from the East to Bethlehem, he almost inevitably makes them look as if they had come from the East, and he often makes one of them a black man. This is not an invariable rule, but it is sufficiently usual to make one look twice if all three kings are not only very definitely white men, but very definitely English as well. Look closely at the face of the youngest Mage and compare it with Fig. 2, the portrait of Richard II. in Westminster Abbey. You either will or you will not see a resemblance. If you do not, there is no need to read any further: if you do, bear in mind the supposition (almost a certainty) that the Westminster portrait was painted from the life and is a good likeness, and that this little panel is more or less a fancy picture.

If this Mage is intended to represent Richard II., how can we explain the other two figures? It is reasonable to suppose that they also are historical persons, and no less reasonable to look for them among



FIG. 3. FOR COMPARISON WITH THE BEARDED FACE OF THE ELDEST MAGE IN FIG. 1, BELIEVED TO REPRESENT EDWARD III.: A REPLICA OF THE SCULPTURED EFFIGY OF THAT KING ON HIS TOMB IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. The resemblance between the head of this effigy—with its long straight nose, long hair and beard—and that of the eldest Mage in Fig. 1, strongly suggests that the latter is also a portrait of Edward III. Photograph of Replica by Courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery.



FIG. 2. FOR COMPARISON WITH THE FACE OF THE YOUNGEST MAGE IN FIG. 1, BELIEVED TO REPRESENT RICHARD II.: ANDRÉ BEAUNEVEU'S FAMOUS PORTRAIT OF THAT KING IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The Westminster Abbey "Richard II.," painted by André Beauneveu, of Valenciennes, an artist mentioned by Froissart, was considered by the late Professor W. R. Lethaby "the finest fourteenth-century portrait in Europe." It is reproduced here as evidence that the youngest of the three Magi in Fig. 1 is a portrait of Richard II.



MEDIAEVAL English paintings, many of them indifferent, and most of them definitely bad as compared with contemporary Flemish or Italian work, appear in auction-rooms from time to time, and are generally catalogued as anything but what they are, either because the average auctioneer doesn't know, or because most men will pay more for an Italian or Flemish primitive than for one painted by an Englishman. In spite of pioneer work by Professors Tristram and Borenius, there has never been a wide enthusiasm for the work of a native school of painters which was certainly flourishing, but rarely achieved a superlative degree of excellence when judged by European standards.

Readers who hold strongly to the belief that the lovely Wilton Diptych in the National Gallery is English are asked to restrain their indignation at this point: this is not a discussion of that much-debated masterpiece, nor of early English painting as a whole, but of one quite minor work (Fig. 1) which, though it has quality of a modest kind, is by no manner of means a great work of art, but owes its appearance on this page to other considerations.

Look at it carefully for a moment. The subject is that of a thousand other fourteenth-century panels of north-western and southern Europe; its condition is good, though certain portions have had to receive a little attention. The Madonna herself is by no means a type from this island, but there can be no mistaking the nationality of the four other figures. The composition is one of great beauty and considerable liveliness, with the vertical lines of the manger-post and of the roof support echoed by the stiff folds

# Comedy - Drama - Sport

## —I CAN SHOOT THEM ALL NOW!

I've proved it. You needn't go to Hollywood or the Arizona desert to make Wild West films. We made one ourselves the other day—with our 16mm. Ciné-'Kodak.' John was the hero of the drama, and he



From "They Got Their Man."

rivalled Tom Mix himself, as long as he stayed on the horse. Cousin Herbert was unanimously appointed villain, Joan was the heroine, and the children surpassed themselves as Red Indian braves and squaws.

That's only one of the movies we've made while we've been on holiday—I should say 'on location.' There are plenty more. Sport is a ready-made subject; we've filmed everything from speedboats and yachts to cricket on the sands. (This last should really count as Comedy.) Then there are 'Interest' films; John, for instance, has been climbing cliffs and filming the seagulls. (Next he'll be wanting to shoot Big Game—with the Ciné-'Kodak'!) Our first travel-reel has yet to come, but we've taken several News shots, including one of the 'Queen Mary' as she steamed past. Finally there are all those shots which we call 'Family History.'

One day we'll probably think them the most valuable of the lot.

Yes, when the summer's over we're going to have a good deal to show for our holiday—several hundred feet of film, in fact. And in case other people don't find our movies quite as amusing as we do, there are all those films with real stars like Charlie Chaplin that you can borrow from the 'Kodascope' Library, and others you can buy outright. That's one great thing about home movie shows—they run all the year round.



The attack on the blockhouse. (The next shot showed the defenders.)

Just out—24-page illustrated book about making home movies in black-and-white, and full-colour movies with the new Kodachrome film. Mr. L.N. Lubbock, Dept. 65, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, will be pleased to send you a copy and also names and addresses of nearest Ciné-Kodak Dealers who can give you full service and show you Kodachrome colour-movies on the screen. All Ciné-Kodak apparatus is obtainable on hire-purchase terms. All Ciné-Kodak film is developed free, ready for showing.

# Ciné-Kodak

Home Movies for all

## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THE "Motor Industry of Great Britain," which is published annually by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, estimates the average life of a private car used on English roads as 7 to 8 years. This is an extremely interesting figure, but it would be even more interesting to know how it is reached. Not that I question its accuracy for a moment. The Society has a most efficient statistical department, and I have no doubt the figure has been arrived at as a result of close and painstaking research, with all the facts of the case available. But where are all the cars of 1929 vintage which, according to the figure, ought to be in regular use to-day? I know, personally, of quite a few cars of this age which are still doing service of some kind, but most of these are certainly not in use as private vehicles as the term is understood. One I know is being used as a mobile watering-tank on a private golf-course. Another has a motor-pump mounted on the chassis, its duty being to pump out flooded ponds and ditches or to act as a fire-engine in emergency. Yet a third has descended to hauling logs which have been sawn into manageable lengths by a portable motor-driven saw. None of these cars has been "written off," but they are very definitely not in commission for "private car" purposes. That is why I should like to know how the S.M.M.T. gets at its figure of average life.

I know also of quite a few cars even older than the 7 to 8 years average which are doing excellent duty in their original rôle, but generally they are cars of expensive make and have been maintained as all machinery should be kept up, so that to-day they are probably as good as ever they were. The life of any good machine which is properly maintained can be almost indefinite, so that there is no reason why a good car should not still be serviceable even after it has exceeded the allotted span as laid down by the Society. I do know of one car—a 1914 12-h.p. Rover—which is in constant use now and is as good as the day it left the works at Coventry. That is an exceptional case, but I quote it to show how an originally good car can be maintained to give good service over a long term of years.

Unfortunately, the average of maintenance in the case of the lower priced car particularly is not generally what it should be, with the consequence that there are numbers of cars on the roads, many not approaching the age limit, which are definitely unsafe. Brakes,

steering, and running gear generally have been allowed to deteriorate progressively until danger point has been reached. Under the new Construction and Use Order, power is given to examining officers of the Ministry of Transport and to police officers to test the efficiency of brakes, steering, and so forth, and, presumably, to order that deficiencies shall be made good. This last seems to be a little obscure. It is an offence to use a car which is mechanically unsafe and there is a penalty provided, but apparently the matter ends there, since no powers seem to exist to compel a car owner to make good defects and put his vehicle into safe condition. Of course, it would seem to follow that if he were convicted of using a dangerous vehicle he would, for his own sake, send it to the breaker's yard or have it repaired, but I am not so sure that there is an adequate safeguard here. I am very definitely of opinion that the authorities should have the same powers in the case of the private and commercial car that they possess over the public service vehicle, which they can order off the road for defects to be made good or refuse to license if it is unsafe or unsuitable for use. I know this means restriction and regulation, which is objectionable in itself, but it is the broad question of public safety which is involved. More legislation along these lines, and less of the merely vexatious, would be far better than the present tendency to irritate the motorist with petty interference which has no bearing at all on safety.

Considerable attention has been focussed lately on the quite illegal practice pursued by many local authorities of making a charge for parking on public roads. Despite a general memorandum sent by the Ministry of Transport to all such authorities, the levy is persisted in by a great many, especially at seaside and holiday resorts. The matter might be allowed to pass if the authority making the charge took any responsibility for property left in their charge, but this they expressly disclaim—you park your car at the appointed place, and a fee of sixpence or a shilling is demanded, for which you receive nothing at all in care or attention. The situation is always awkward. You feel that to be allowed to park at all is worth something, and you don't mind giving a small tip to the attendant, even though he does nothing for you and as often as not clocks your time for the information of the police. It is not the payment that irks, but the knowledge that you have been illegally mulcted of money you ought not to be asked to pay.

## "NEWS FROM TARTARY."

(Continued from Page 266.)

Taklamakan a Sunday School outing. But what a reward of contrast was waiting at Kashgar, at the end of the desert road! "One night we slept on the floor, drank tea in mugs, ate doughy bread, argued with officials, were stared at, dreaded the next day's heat; twenty-four hours later we were sitting in comfortable armchairs with long drinks and illustrated papers and a gramophone playing, all cares and privations banished. It was a heavenly experience." The rest of the journey to Srinagar, through the fascinating Hunza country *via* Baltit and Gilgit, was a mere epilogue: true, it lay over the passes of the Pamirs, at altitudes of anything from 1300 to 15,600 feet—but faith had already removed much more than mountains. (More than half the journey passed over country well above 10,000 feet, but these travellers, tough both of lung and of heart, never seem to have suffered ill effects from such altitudes.)

Mr. Fleming insists that "Asia is kind to travellers. The hospitality which we received between Peking and Kashmir—though naturally there was not a great deal of it—was the very best kind of hospitality." It is certainly true that help was often generously given to these wayfarers when they most needed it and least expected it—not only by inhabitants of divers breeds, but several times, most valuably, by Russian exiles. On the whole, guides and bearers served loyally, and for the most part, though not always, intelligently. Sinkiang is one of the most explosive countries in the world, and the whole Province, in Mr. Fleming's words, "stinks with treachery"; yet these wholly unauthorised travellers, though more than once placed under polite arrest, were never threatened with physical violence or rough treatment—and (grave omission!) never even saw a bandit, in the "assigned and native dwelling-place" of bandits!

And what of the Enlightened Apprehension of Scholars? In four chapters of admirable terseness and lucidity, Mr. Fleming expounds the recent politics of Central Asia. They are far too complex to summarise here, but the principal fact which emerges is that Russia, having virtually taken possession of Mongolia, has now established a complete military, administrative, and economic domination in Sinkiang. "Every department, every regiment, is in effect directed by a Soviet agent occupying a key position; the Province is run from Moscow." Russia's ultimate aims are obscure, but Mr. Fleming believes that she "is at present jockeying for position *vis-à-vis* Japan."

This exclusive and hard-won News from Tartary is important, and not reassuring to the Western World in general or to Great Britain in particular. There is some consolation, however, in the fact that it has been the occasion of one of the best and sprightliest and most original books of travel which have been published for many years. Good luck to the Learned Engraver's new boots!

C. K. A.

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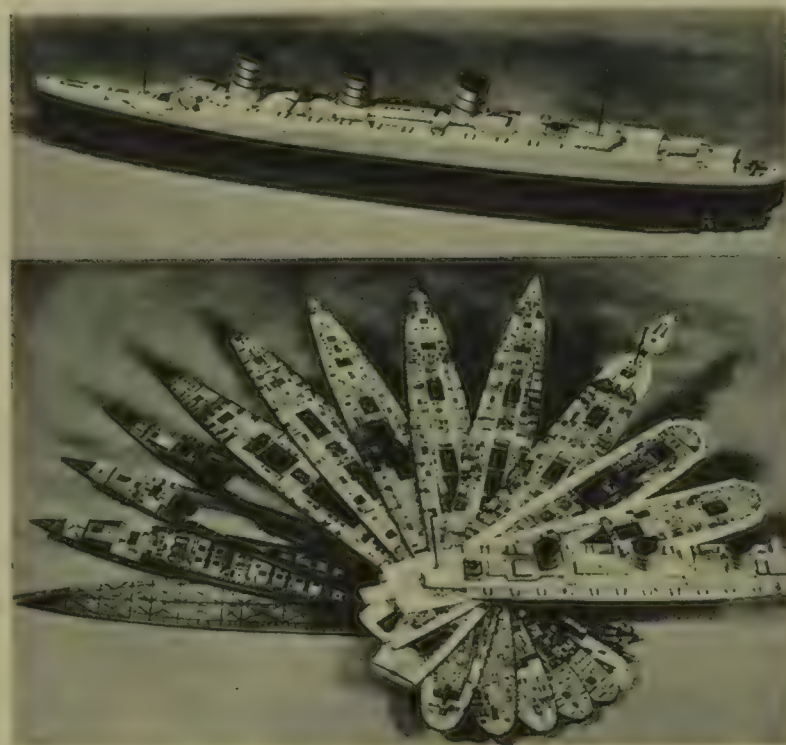
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# FINANCE AND INVESTMENT.

By HARTLEY WITHERS.

## WHEAT AND SECURITIES.

TO most investors, the recent rise in wheat may seem to be a thing that does not concern them closely, but as merely a cause of excitement, probably temporary, in the produce markets. Even if it finally works its way through to a slight increase in the price of bread, its effect on the diet of the great majority of the population in this country will be hardly appreciable; and to those classes which are comfortably blessed with the good things of civilisation, this aspect of the question simply does not count. As peoples and individuals improve their standard of life, they usually eat less of the "staff of life," and more of fish and flesh. At the bottom of the scale the case is otherwise, and to those nations which have lately been learning to live less on rice and more on bread, the upward rush in the wheat market may be serious; and it is possible that it may have some effect in arousing yet more interest in the problem of "malnutrition" among the backward nations. But, quite apart from these dietary effects of this change in the cereal position, it has influences of a far-reaching nature on many branches of the security markets, and even on the economic balance as between the manufacturing and agricultural countries. In fact, some people, fond of looking below the surface for the causes of what happens to the stock markets, have a theory that the huge wheat harvest of 1928, causing a heavy fall in the price, really had more to do with the Wall Street collapse of the following year than any of the influences to which it is usually ascribed. According to this ingenious argument, falling wheat obliged some of the weaker banks in the United States, which had lent too heavily to farmers, to realise securities in order to strengthen themselves, and so began that market reaction which, added to European political fears, was the beginning of that terrific tumble, both in securities and in commodities, which brought world-wide depression.

## SOME OF THE CONSEQUENCES.

Is the recent rise in wheat going to be the herald of general recovery? It may be so, if statesmen can succeed in keeping the peace, and the dictators will leave off breathing fire and fury. In any case, it cannot fail to have important consequences in many directions. As everyone knows, the chief cause of it has been the appalling drought and heat that have afflicted the North American continent. Its bad effects are thus chiefly confined to the United States and Canada. America, once a great exporter of cereals, will have to import, and is already importing, considerable quantities. This means to say that, by the act of Nature, she is obliged to go further along the road which, as the creditor of all the world, she ought long ago to have trodden. A country in that position, if she is to give her debtors a fair chance of meeting their obligations, should allow them to pay in goods and services. This fact America has never until quite lately recognised; but has kept out the goods of other nations by raising a monstrous tariff wall against them, and has also, by spending millions of dollars on subsidising a merchant fleet, made it difficult for her debtors to earn freights by carrying her merchandise. In the first six months of this year, however, the United States had an "unfavourable" balance on "visible" trade—trade, that is, in visible goods—a record which, as the *Economist* pointed out, was without parallel in recent decades.

Moreover, rising prosperity on the other side of the Atlantic has brought a great increase in the number of American visitors to Europe, and especially to Britain, thanks to our freedom from political disturbance; and so, among the "invisible" items of the trade balance, American spending is also helping to restore equilibrium between East and West, and between debtor and creditor. Her lack of cereals is thus, by obliging her to buy abroad instead of selling, driving her along a line that is favourable to all her debtors and so ultimately to herself. And as to the immediate damage caused by her loss of crops, the vast resources of her territory can be trusted to make that good in due course.

price and then held their wheat for a few weeks and sold it on terms which gave them too much profit. Accordingly, the farmers formed that historic pool, which was to take over all their wheat, give them a proportion of its value to meet urgent expenses, and realise the crop gradually and leisurely instead of throwing the lot on the market in one lump as soon as it was reaped. And for some years the system seems to have worked very well, and to the satisfaction of all parties, except, probably, the merchants whom the pool had put out of the business. But here again big variations in crops from year to year created an awkward problem for a band of amateur merchants to deal with. The story of the pool will be found, in all its very interesting details, in a book called "Markets and Men," well worth study by all who want to know about schemes of control and restriction. Its author, Mr. J. W. F. Rowe, a lecturer in economics at Cambridge University, tells us that the pool finally developed into an organisation through which the Canadian Government has been attempting to control the Winnipeg market during the past four years. Writing at the end of 1935, he said that "it should be possible for the new Grain Board to liquidate most of Canada's surplus stocks during the present season, and after all the Canadian Government may win its colossal gamble." Since he wrote, all that has happened in the wheat market has made this possibility more certain to be realised.

## COLLATERAL EFFECTS.

Besides helping to meet the difficulties of America's debtors, relieving the Canadian Government of a tiresome burden that at one time threatened to be costly, and giving increased purchasing power to growers of cereals all over the world, the rise in wheat has also had effects on other products which may be beneficial to investors in many fields. In the first place, it should stimulate the use of fertilisers, and by giving farmers more purchasing power will increase their demand for tractors and other kinds of agricultural machinery, to say nothing of clothes and other domestic comforts. A better market for nitrate may improve the outlook for the creditors of Chile, whose external debt service is now fed by the revenue that the Republic's Government receives from the exports of nitrate and of copper. Concerning the fillip that has been given to the long-depressed shipping industry by the demand for tonnage to carry wheat from the Argentine ports, the papers have lately been full of cheering news.

Another side-line of the flurry in wheat is the quickened demand for edible oils. Dear wheat means, as a general rule, dear maize, or, as the Americans call it, "corn." This again means dear hog-feeding, with the result that hogs have to be slaughtered because it does not pay to fatten them, and so lard is dear and scarce, and up goes the price of whale-oil and of such vegetable oils as can be used as a substitute for lard. In short, America's disaster, terrible as it has been, falls upon a nation and a country better able to meet it than any other, and has effects largely beneficial to many countries and industries that have been severely tried by the recent depression. Its general result should thus tend towards the restoration of prosperity in quarters where it is most needed; and at the same time it gives opportunities to ingenious investors to look for profits in fields and pastures that have long been unpromising to bargain-hunters.

## To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive also photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

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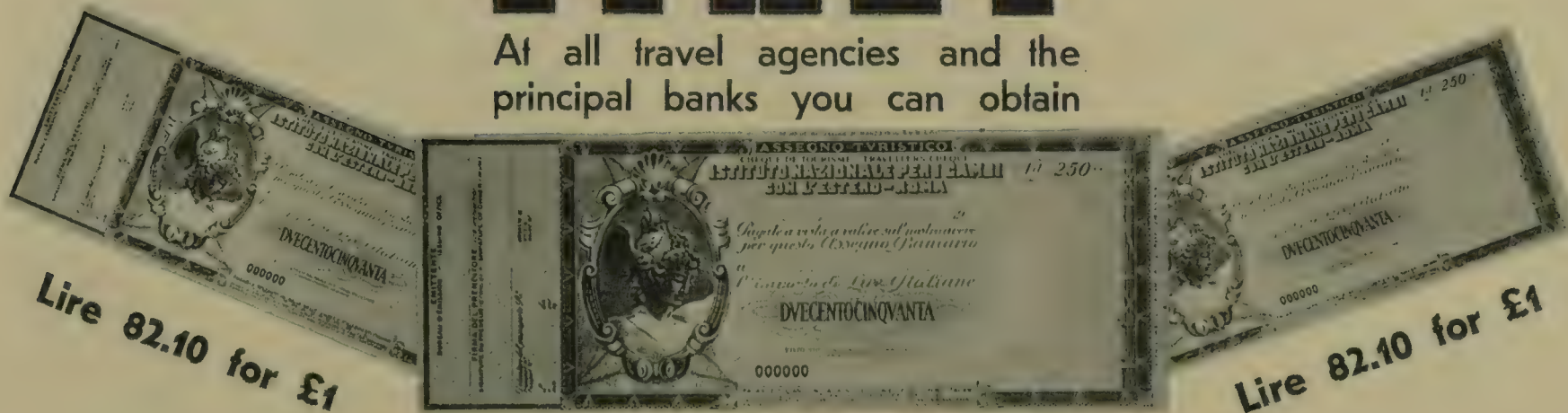
## CANADA'S WHEAT GAMBLE.

With regard to the effects of her crop disasters on Canada, the second of the principal sufferers, it is not yet clear whether she will lose much more by drought and scarcity than she will gain by the rise in the price of wheat. But one thing at least is evident: that, whatever be the net gain or loss to the farming classes of the cereal-growing provinces, the Canadian Government will have been relieved of an awkward liability which might have cost it a good deal, if Nature had not come to her rescue. This liability was a legacy from the Canadian Wheat Pool, formed in 1923 and 1924 in the three prairie provinces, to protect the farmers against the necessity of having to market their crop in a hurry as soon as it was harvested, and so, year by year, handing themselves over to the tender mercies of the merchants, who (as it seemed to the farmers) gave them a knock-out



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## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER: FICTION OF THE MONTH.

**R**OSAMUND LEHMANN stands in the front rank of contemporary novelists. It is impossible to praise too highly "The Weather in the Streets." Too many of the younger novelists are incorrigibly subjective. That is not Miss Lehmann's way; her characters are real creations. From the opening in Etty's flat (somewhere just round the corner from Queer Street), they move with the spontaneity that is one of the secrets of her success. Every change of mood and atmosphere enhances the values of their story.

The book is a sequel to "Invitation to the Waltz." Olivia Curtis, having discarded Ivor, was at a loose end in London. Her work in Anna's studio was a gesture of independence; it had no more significance than that.

Rollo Spencer, whom she fell in with again on a flying visit to her home, was at a loose end too. His wife, Nicola, was invalidish, and holding him at arm's length; he was ripe for consolation. He fell in love with Olivia, and she with him. Rollo was an easy lover and a tender one, but he had no intention of breaking up his home, and with masculine complacency he felt himself capable of keeping a genial balance between the two women. To Olivia, whose passion possessed her and was itself jealously possessive, their love-affair was to be a delight, transfixing her in an intolerable suffering. She paid, in body and spirit, until she could

endure no more. The London crowd, restless, precariously living, gregarious—studio parties and week-end migrations and all that—surged up and down. Ivor reappears, a lost soul drifting in at the moment of her sharpest distress, to be pathetically helpful for twenty-four hours, and being a lost soul, thereafter to drift out again. Well, this may be the liberty and pursuit of happiness to which we are all entitled. Where were these rudderless mortals going? Where did they *think* they were going? Miss Lehmann has not set out to answer questions as old as Babylon. With insight and sympathy, with lovely, unforgettable little pictures of the English landscape in which the lovers snatched at happiness, she carries them to a point where the wheel may well come full circle, and Olivia, for all her intelligence and resolution, be trapped again into surrender.

Denis Boyle, of "The Last Enemy," would, in another time and place, have taken a begging-bowl and gone to seek for the fuller vision at some far-off shrine. But he was a young man of the war period, the prisoner of circumstance. The dramatic occasions of Mr. L. A. G. Strong's novel are too powerful for introspective perplexities to dominate them. The day Denis spent in contact with a foully bullying sergeant when he was up before the medical board holds you spellbound for a hundred pages

*(Continued overleaf)*



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM (AUGUST 13 TO 19):  
A GILT WROUGHT-IRON LOCK FROM BEDDINGTON HOUSE, SURREY.

This great gilt wrought-iron lock, bearing the royal arms and supporters used by Henry VII. and Henry VIII., was probably made early in the sixteenth century. It comes from Beddington House, Surrey, the ancient seat of the Carews. The keyhole is ingeniously hidden by the escutcheon, which drops down when the head above is pushed to the right. The lock is the only one of its kind in England.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM (AUGUST 6 TO 12): A  
MAGNIFICENT FIFTEENTH-CENTURY FLORENTINE  
PAGEANT SHIELD EMBLAZONED WITH A  
GRIFFIN.

This shield, of painted gesso on wood, is a processional version of a type used in jousting tournaments. It is blazoned with the arms of the Villani, a famous Florentine family who made their money in wool in the fourteenth century and became extinct in 1617. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, when this shield was made, several members of the family were prominent in the Guilds, and it was probably intended for guild ceremonial. The superb griffin incorporated in the arms suggests in its design the inspiration of Near Eastern textiles. The shield was formerly in the Palazzo Guadagni at Florence.

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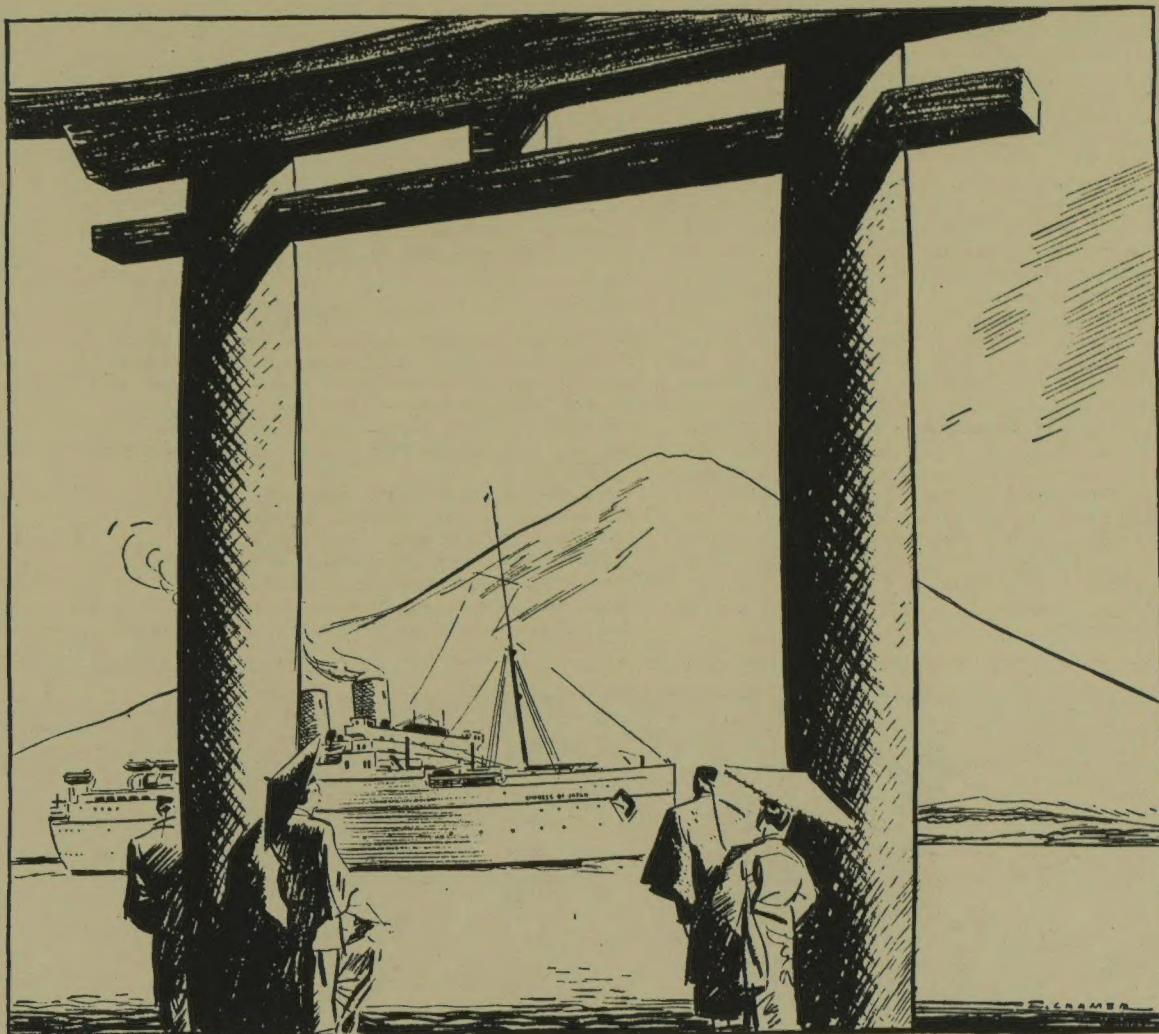
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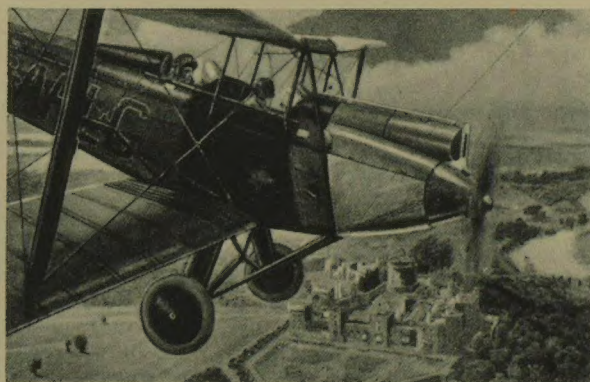
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*(Continued)*

The description of the preparatory school is equally arresting; nothing could be more actual than the preparatory school and its staff. But Denis's personal problems, even his dread of death, are displaced by the shocking tragedy of his friend Fane, and they fail fully to recover their interest for the reader. Nevertheless, the fine, intimate quality of Mr. Strong's writing stands undiminished.

Susan Goodyear may be a new author. Whether or no, "Cathedral Close" is notably well executed. And it is fresh and original, no small achievement for a latecomer in a familiar field.

Canon Carmichael had married a rich woman, older than he, long before he became a cathedral dignitary.

She was tormented by her love for him; he never had loved and never could love her. He had a breakdown in the early years of their marriage, and went abroad, away from her, for his convalescence. There, in Austria, not quite recovered from collapse, he seduced and deserted an innocent girl. That was the scandal, disinterred by the Silbury gossips, that burst upon Mrs. Carmichael and the cathedral community. A neurotic, single woman, certain humane people and others less humane, and a temperate Dean and his delightfully perceptive wife concerned themselves with the pitiful plight of the Carmichaels. The cathedral, by reason of its very beauty and dignity, exercised an influence not entirely on the side of mercy when the Canon's case was forced upon the Chapter's notice. "Cathedral Close" is less painful than the bare motive of the plot might suggest. It is lightened by Mrs. Goodyear's charming humour; the persuasion of a simple goodness runs through it; and the end is not altogether unhappy.

"Unquiet," by Joseph Gollomb, plunges about in the swarming East Side of New York, where emigrants from Western Europe are absorbed. It is the chronicle of a Jewish family. The adolescent vagaries of the boy David are emphasised, and the static devotion of the mother. It is, in fact, the underlying stability of the Jewish people that has been Mr. Gollomb's inspiration. The realism is in the Russian manner; it sifts the human compost of American civilisation assiduously. A noteworthy book (and a very lengthy one); its survey of the conditions in which the moral integrity of the family continues to survive is exhaustive.

There is no moral integrity in Frank Tilsley's "I'd Do It Again." Far from it. A young man tells the plain tale, in crisp Cockney diction, of how he helped himself to the

office cash, and exactly why he did it. His wife came first; he could, and did, rob without scruple for the little wife and the little home; on that side the book is a London clerk's domestic idyll. He was not being paid as much as he wanted and felt he ought to have. Mr. Gaskell, the managing director, was a shady business man who skinned the public when and where he could; Mr. Gaskell was fair game. To anybody who doesn't know anything about book-keeping and how business is run, remarks the adventurous clerk, his scheme might sound too easy to be true, or too risky. With which he demonstrates it was nothing of the sort, and you read on breathlessly while he describes his near shaves, and how he got away with the spoils, and incidentally so brightened his business ability that Mr. Gaskell promoted him to a higher post. "I'd Do It Again," succinct and exciting, is a genuine work of art.

Philip Lindsay has reconstructed the old Tower of London in "The Duke is Served"; he has tried, he says, to make the modern reader get some idea of the splendid monument it was in the fifteenth century. He has done it magnificently, and in doing it conjured up the robust, full-blooded cooks and scullery-maids and archers in the under-world of Edward IV.'s Court. The romance of three of these obscure persons is a palpitating affair, touching the fringe of a romance of the higher estate, of the Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne. You must realise Mr. Lindsay's conception of Richard's true nobility to comprehend the fury with which he nails the legend of "the damned lying crouchback" to the counter. In this as in his other books, the mediæval life is so colourful, and the clairvoyance with which he sees it so astounding, that to emerge from reading it is like walking out of a room of the early masters in the National Gallery to blink at the drabness of Trafalgar Square.

The restraint and subdued tones of Elisaveta Fen's "Rising Tide" invest it with a delicate distinction. The violence of the revolution in and around Odessa recedes before the study of Irina, a beautiful character. The bourgeois society lived from day to day with the terror now advancing, now receding. The bread ration would be overdue, the soldiers have carried away the carpets, George would have been rounded up by the Cheka, to disappear in the sinister basement; the dissolution of their order would creep nearer and nearer. But Irina had her secret fastness, and it is in her love of music, as well as her love for the engineer, Aldanov, that one finds the key to it.

The publisher predicts an immediate success for Edgar Meredith's "Our Stranger." That depends on what is meant by success. Not one with the general public, certainly. The soldier who was shell-shocked out of Timespace in 1917 into the London of 1971 found himself farther removed from present thought and social habit than any imagination but Mr. Meredith's would be likely to conceive. To relish his ingenious satire it is necessary to digest the English of the future, and, frankly, the lingual experiments in this book are insufferable.

To wind up, here is some capital light fiction; four handsome thrillers, and a domestic comedy, "Both Hands," by Jane Bird. "Both Hands" opens badly with a clergyman as idiotic at the breakfast-table as the one who exclaimed "More family jars!" every time he saw the marmalade. The real stuff lies ahead, and you are recommended to persevere.

The new Poirot is most engaging. Mrs. Agatha Christie has been to Mesopotamia, and since where she goes Hercule Poirot goes too, "Murder in Mesopotamia" presents him elucidating crime and mystery among the archaeologists. What more delectable holiday reading can be asked for? The only drawback to M. Poirot is that he compels you to read "Murder in Mesopotamia" at a sitting. But then, there is a new Ellery Queen too, "Halfway House," and Anthony Abbot's "Murder of a Startled Lady," and James Street's "Death in an Armchair"; there ought to be room for them as well in the holiday baggage. In "Halfway House," the man who lived a double life suffers for his temerity, and the human interest is as well devised as the logical process of elimination by which Ellery Queen arrives at the murderer. In "The Startled Lady," Thatcher Colt succeeds in one of the most intricate jobs he has ever undertaken. He commissioned Fitch, the crime sculptor, to build up a waxwork image on the reassembled skeleton of a murdered girl. It was Mr. Fitch's masterpiece, a half-smiling, startling similitude of life. It solved the riddle of her identity, and it brought the criminal to justice. "Death in an Armchair" is less spectacular, the death occurring in an English provincial town instead of in the electric atmosphere of New York. But Mr. Street's plot and psychology are remarkably sound, and he ties for honours with his fellow-craftsmen.

## BOOKS REVIEWED.

- The Weather in the Streets. By Rosamund Lehmann. (Collins; 8s.)  
 The Last Enemy. By L. A. G. Strong. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)  
 Cathedral Close. By Susan Goodyear. (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.)  
 Unquiet. By Joseph Gollomb. (John Lane; 8s. 6d.)  
 I'd Do It Again. By Frank Tilsley. (Secker; 7s. 6d.)  
 The Duke is Served. By Philip Lindsay. (Nicholson and Watson; 7s. 6d.)  
 Rising Tide. By Elisaveta Fen. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)  
 Our Stranger. By Edgar Meredith. (Grayson; 7s. 6d.)  
 Both Hands. By Jane Bird. (Davies; 7s. 6d.)  
 Murder in Mesopotamia. By Agatha Christie. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)  
 Halfway House. By Ellery Queen. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)  
 Murder of a Startled Lady. By Anthony Abbot. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)  
 Death in an Armchair. By James Street. (Jenkins; 7s. 6d.)



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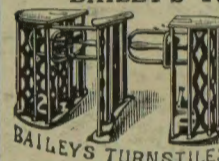
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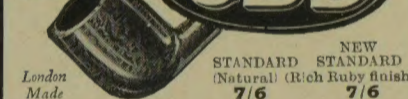
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